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# Monroe Morning World

And NEWS-STAR

VOL. III—NO. 112.

Complete Exclusive Morning  
Associated Press Service.

MONROE, LA., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1932.

Full Coverage on Markets,  
Sports, Social and Local.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## LEVEE WORK KEPT UP THOUGH RIVER IS NOW DROPPING

Lower Stages Are Reported in Bayous DeSiard and Bartholomew

## ONLY HARRISONBURG AND COLUMBIA REPORT RISES

Special Agency Will Care for Workers No Longer Used on Dykes

Standing at 49.5 feet at midnight last night, floodwaters of the Ouachita River yesterday had receded one-tenth foot, and two-tenths foot below the all-time record of 49.7 feet reached here.

Harrisonburg and Columbia were the only points along the river to record a rise yesterday, the former noting a one-tenth foot rise to 57.4 feet, while Columbia reported a rise of one-quarter inch.

Though indications that the definite trend downward in the river stage had begun were very encouraging last night, K. R. Young, United States area engineer in charge of levee work throughout this section, and J. R. Adams, assistant state engineer cooperating with Mr. Young in the fight with the river, announced that the building up and strengthening of levees would continue until all danger is past. The barometer last night was reported to be falling steadily, indicating rain.

The overflows at Bosco and Buckhorn Bend has not yet been blocked, though workmen are concentrated at those places. Mr. Adams said last night.

Sterling levees along the river and around Bayou Bartholomew were reported in good condition, with the Russell's Bend levee, where workmen have been placing sandbag reinforcements for the past week, greatly strengthened. Two shifts of 200 men each are still working on the levees in that section.

Backwaters from the river are reported falling at Sterlington with lower stages in the floodwaters of Bayou Bartholomew. Some thought last night that the levees on the bayou would hold nearly two feet more water than now impounded to bind the dykes.

The river at Sterlington yesterday fell one-half tenth, while Lock Six at Felsenthal, Ark., recorded a fall of one-tenth foot, and Lock Eight, at Calion, Ark., reported last night that a fall of three-tenths foot since Friday evening had been recorded there. Camden, Ark., reported a fall of six-tenths foot in the 24 hours preceding 4 o'clock yesterday evening.

From Columbia, Wayne Blanks, in charge of housing refugees there, said that all refugees were more optimistic than in weeks, and that many were preparing to move back to their homes when the floodwaters subside. Feed for livestock is running fearfully short, Mr. Blanks said, and farmers who would ordinarily be self-sustaining are facing conditions of poverty.

Floodwaters in the Boeuf Basin, he said, are rising in places, while at other points lower stages are being recorded, and backwaters in the city are rising slightly.

While conditions throughout the reaches of the Ouachita were reported measurably easier yesterday, relief agencies were continuing their work housing and feeding refugees already brought from the flood areas. Mrs. M. W. Holstein, executive secretary of the Red Cross chapter of the Red Cross, reported last night that 835 active cases were on the chapter's list, with 735 grocery orders given out yesterday, while 150 more cases are before the chapter for its consideration.

It was announced last night that there are no men now on the payroll except those employed by R. K. Young or J. R. Adams or their representatives.

A special agency of the Red Cross, established in the Baer Building, St. Johns Street, to care for levee workers cut from the payroll, was sending men home yesterday, and arranging with the home chapters to assume responsibility.

(Continued on Third Page)

## WOMAN HURLS HER BABY INTO BLAZING FURNACE

AKRON, O., Feb. 6.—(P)—Mrs. Anna Benko, 43, today threw her newborn child, born only two days ago, into a blazing furnace, police said.

The woman, according to her husband, George Benko, 44, a truck driver, had been in a highly nervous condition for several years and he feared she was mentally unbalanced.

Benko told police he and his eldest son, John, 23, found the mother missing from her room when they returned from work and the baby, Anna, was gone from his crib.

In the basement, Benko said, he found his wife cleaning the steps. When he asked her what became of the baby, she said she didn't know. Benko looked into the furnace and found the infant, the body charred.

Detectives reported the woman hysterical, and attempts to question her were abandoned until her condition improved.

## TODAY

China's Sad New Year  
All For The Best, Perhaps  
Movie Success Secrets  
Two Kinds of Women  
By ARTHUR BRISBANE  
(Copyright, 1932, King Features Synd.)

## AL SMITH DECISION IS TO BE SECRET UNTIL TOMORROW

Former Presidential Candidate Issues 144-Word Statement

REVEALS WHETHER HE IS HOPING TO RACE AGAIN

But None of Contents Can Be Revealed Before Monday Morning

NEW YORK, Feb. 6 (P)—Shifting his cigar into the corner of his mouth and grinning, former Governor Alfred E. Smith today gave out a 144-word statement, settling the question of whether he will be a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

"Here you are, boys," he said, "but remember, it's not to be published until Monday morning."

There was a hush while 46 newspaper men, representing press associations and papers in all parts of the country, read the statement.

The 1928 standard-bearer lit his cigar, tucked a flaming red handkerchief a little deeper into his breast pocket, leaned back in the big chair he used when a New York assemblyman, and looked at the ceiling.

"Can we ask you a question or two?" some one said.

"Well, I expected that, all right," Smith said with a chuckle.

In short staccato sentences, the ruddy-cheeked, 58-year-old leader of democracy, who has been in politics since his youth, cleared up several points of doubt in the statement.

As the 46 copies of the pronouncement were being pocketed, Smith was asked what he thought would be the dominant issue of the coming campaign.

"I don't know," he said, and looked at the ceiling again.

"Will you make an attempt to secure a seat plank in the platform?"

"It's too far away to talk about that," was the reply.

"Have you an comment on Governor Roosevelt's statement on his prohibition stand?"

Roosevelt's gubernatorial predecessor shook his head. He also declined to discuss various Democratic statements about whether the League of Nations should be an issue.

"Do you think the prospects of a Democratic victory are better now than they were four years ago?" he was asked.

"They're decidedly brighter."

"Have you any comment on the Republican administration of the last four years?"

"Not at this time," replied Smith, emphasizing the last two words.

Before the statement was given out, New York newspapers unanimously had predicted that Smith would not bind himself to let his name go before the convention as a presidential aspirant, but would leave the way clear for his friends to work for him in various states which name convention delegates at approaching primaries.

JAPANESE DEMANDS FOR UNITED STATES COTTON CONTINUED

It is Believed Nipponese May Buy 1,500,000 Bales If Prices Stay Favorable.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6 (P)—A continuing demand in Japan for American cotton was reported today in an agriculture department survey of foreign markets.

Consul Donovan at Kobe said there was a general opinion among importers that Japan might purchase 1,500,000 bales of American cotton if the price situation continued favorable.

Along with the increase in Japanese buying went a corresponding gain in Chinese purchases.

The department in its survey said that during the six months ending December 1931, exports to the two countries amounted to 1,718,000 bales or 40 per cent of total cotton exports from the United States.

The department attempted no explanation of the increased demand in the two countries which are principals in a bitter dispute. The staple is used in the manufacture of munitions.

From August 1 to January 15, the department said, shipments of American cotton to Japan reached 1,097,000 bales against 562,000 bales for the same period in the preceding cotton year.

China bought 672,000 bales in the period from July, 1931 to the end of December, a heavy increase over the corresponding period the year before.

BOY DROWNS WHEN RAFT UPSETS IN KILGORE POND

SHREVEPORT, Feb. 6 (P)—Childish adventure ended tragically for W. D. "Buddy" Craighead, 7-year-old son of Lawrence Craighead, 1-year-old son of Captain W. L. Workman of the Salvation Army, just before he was taken to the Clinic for treatment of a cold and to receive some rest. Physicians said that Captain Workman had brought himself to the verge of a breakdown through his efforts to carry on the work of feeding and caring for flood victims and leaven workers here.

The Salvation Army here is now carrying 383 families in the city on its roosts as receiving aid.

## 1542 POUNDS OF SWEET POTATOES SENT HERE

Receipt of 1542 pounds of sweet potatoes, sent prepaid, by the people of Lawrence, Ark., was announced by Captain W. L. Workman of the Salvation Army, just before he was taken to the Clinic for treatment of a cold and to receive some rest. Physicians said that Captain Workman had brought himself to the verge of a breakdown through his efforts to carry on the work of feeding and caring for flood victims and leaven workers here.

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## Government Bureau Report Shows Monroe Stores Cut Shopping Costs by \$3200

By William P. Helm  
(Copyright, 1932, by William P. Helm.)  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 6—Shopping in Monroe costs \$3,200 a day less now than before the depression. The same goods, quality and quantity alike, can be bought now for \$3,200 a day less than in 1929. Such is the amount, according to the impressive showing of two federal government bureaus, by which the city's storekeepers have marked down their goods in three lines—food, clothing, and household furnishings, including furniture.

As a result, prices in Monroe's stores are lower today than at any time with in the past 12 years, the figures show, taking the average of those three lines as a basis. However, the figures indicate that the drop in prices is nearing the end. In some cities prices already have advanced in certain lines. The turn in prices appears due quite soon in Monroe. When it starts, price-cutting bargains will be succeeded by rising values.

The government's findings come from the bureau of labor statistics which has just completed a far-flung survey of the cost of living, and from the census bureau which measures the volume of trade in each locality.

The labor bureau shows, for instance, that the price of foodstuffs of all sorts has dropped since December, 1929, to the point where 73 cents will buy more food now than \$1 would buy

(Continued on Ninth Page)

## MOREHOUSE BOARD MEMBER RESIGNS BEING ADVOCATED

Wimberly, Appointed to School Group by Long, Would Have Faced Recall

Railroad Statisticians Present Comparative Figures to Solons

BASTROP, Feb. 6 (Special)—A. P. Wimberly, Morehouse Parish School Board member from Ward 5, announced here today that he had tendered his resignation as a member of the board from his ward and that it has been accepted by the governor.

What effect this will have on the recall election which is scheduled to be held Tuesday is not known. Following the presentation of a recall petition by citizens of Ward 5, several months ago, former Governor Long set next Tuesday as the date for the recall election of Wimberly.

Wimberly was one of three appointees of Long who was named to the school board during the latter part of 1930. A legal battle for the possession of the three seats was fought in the courts for about a year and was won by the governor's appointees, and they formally took their seats last December.

Recall elections have also been set for J. T. White of Ward 7 and E. N. Gray of Ward 8, the other two school board members who were appointed by Long at the same time Wimberly was named on the board. The recall elections for White and Gray were set for March 22.

The three new members were among the six who voted to oust Superintendent E. D. Shaw at the regular school board meeting held last week. H. W. Gates of Bastrop was elected to fill Shaw's unexpired term. Shaw has refused to turn the books of the office over to the newly elected superintendent and Gates has indicated that he will file an ouster suit in the effort to gain possession of the office.

ALLEN ACCUSED NORRISTOWN, Penn., Feb. 6 (P)—Edward H. Allen, 33-year-old society man, tonight was freed of the charge of murder in the killing of Francis A. Donaldson, III, son of a socially prominent family. The jury of 10 men and two women were out exactly ten hours before they arrived at their verdict. The tall, thin young defendant shooed like a leaf as he stood up to hear the jury's verdict.

THREE BODIES FOUND CAPE MAY, N. J., Feb. 6 (P)—Three bodies, two of them identified as members of the wrecked tug, Lonnie B. Shaw, which sank in a gale off the Delaware Capes Thursday night, were picked up by coast guard patrol boats tonight.

Thousands of Visitors Crowding To New Orleans to See Mardi Gras

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6 (P)—Thousands of visitors poured into this gaily decorated city to join a pleasure-loving populace in marking the old French custom of Mardi Gras.

Everywhere, events took the carnival theme in a gay whirl of good times, which according to tradition must cease promptly at midnight Tuesday when the calendar moves into Lent, bringing forty days of religious observance.

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The carnival invitation golf tour-

## 'STOP ROOSEVELT' CAMPAIGN OPENS IN EASTERN AREA

Drive Is Not So Much Against New Yorker as Against Swinging Strength

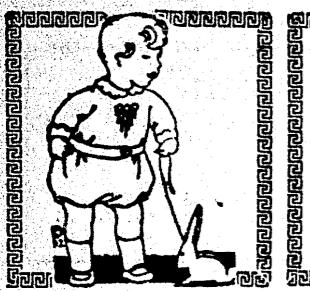
DEMOCRAT LEADERS HOPE TO WAIT FOR CONVENTION

Little Real Prospect of Much Support for Smith Nomination Is Seen

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6 (P)—The long-awaited Stop-Roosevelt campaign is taking dynamic form among the Democrats at last, plunging Alfred E. Smith into the vortex of a new party battle and lifting John N. Garner to unexpected prominence among the presidential possibilities.

Investigation disclosed that the report was correct in all but spelling, the waterproof boys having detoured to Rayne after leaving here.

A well dressed stranger appeared at the courthouse basement the other afternoon during a slack period between meal times and asked where he could find the workmen.

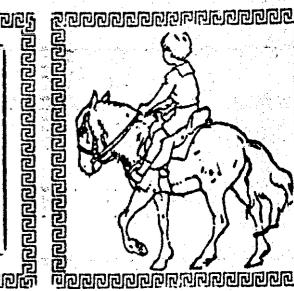


# WITH THE CHILDREN

Published Every Sunday



Edited by Eve C. Bradford



## A QUOTATION FOR TODAY

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but to enjoy the right things—not merely indolent, but to enjoy industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—John Ruskin.

## A MAN OF KINDNESS

Once there was a man who was very kind. His name was Abraham Lincoln, but they called him "Abe" Lincoln. When he was young he read all the books that he had which was very few. One day a kind neighbor loaned him a book which he was very interested in. One night he went up to the attic to his bed and took the book with him. Then he lay in bed and read by the moon light as it shone in on him. Before he went to sleep he laid the book between two of the logs. When he got up and reached for the book, it was not there. He found it lying in the snow but it was ruined. He went to tell the owner of the book about it and the neighbor told him to work 3 days to pay for it. He did and the book was his.

GERALDINE GOBBLE,  
6-A Grade, Lida Benton  
School.



## LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE

He was a very tall man, 6 feet 4 inches in height. His complexion was dark; his hair and beard black. Though lean and spare in appearance, he weighed about 180 pounds. He was a man of fine fiber, and possessed a brain of superior power, within a



compass of a small but rather elongated skull. His movements were rather angular, but never awkward, and he was never burdened with that curse of many unfortunate geniuses—the dreadful oppression of petty self-consciousness.—Charles A. Dana.

VERNELL KING,  
Age 11, 5th Grade, Rhymes School.

VISITING THE ZOO

One day the family started to New York by automobile. We went over the Mohawk Trail. We planned to visit the zoo in Bronx Park.

We saw many birds. One of them came and got on my shoulder and pecked me with its bill. I gave it some bread crumbs which it ate very quickly. The parrots talked to me. When I left the zoo, the birds were all asleep. The keepers said they always went to sleep early.

BERTHA MOORE,  
5th Grade,  
Okaloosa School.

## THE MONTHS

January is a month of cold. February is the birthday of two Presidents bold,

March is the first of spring, April is when children's voices ring, May is a month of posies, June fills our hands with roses, July is a month of showers, August is one of late flowers, September is a month of beginning school,

In October, days are cool, November is a month of brown, December is when Santa comes to town.

BISHOP PIPES, Jr.  
Fourth Grade, Calhoun School.

## JOY OF SPRING

Can't you feel the joyous spirit of Spring? It makes me happy And I want to sing. Let us dance and prance and jump for joy; For we haven't had any winter so far.

WIDMER PLATT,  
Age 12, Grade 6,  
Rhymes School, Rayville, La.

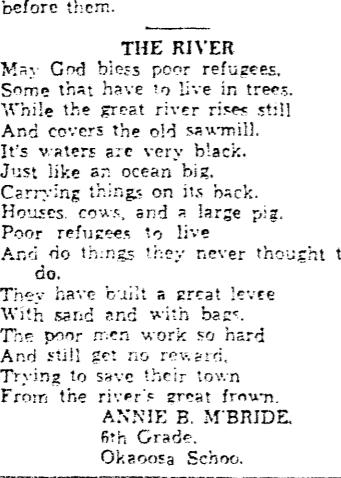
## HONEST DEALINGS

After closing the store one night Lincoln sat up counting his money. As he counted he found a mistake had been made. He took from the drawer the few cents due the customer. He put on his hat, locked the door, and walked a long distance to give the money back.

ALBERT THOMAS,  
6-A,  
Lida Benton School.

## MAMMA'S VALENTINE

May God bless poor refugees, Some that have to live in trees. While the great river rises still And covers the old sawmill. It's water is very black. Just like an ocean big. Carrying things on its back. Houses, cows, and a large pig. Poor refugees to live And do things they never thought to do.



THE RIVER

They have built a great levee With sand and with bags. The poor men work so hard And still get no reward. Trying to save their town From the river's great flood.

ANNIE B. M'BRIDE,  
6th Grade,  
Okaloosa School.

## SIGHTS OF CALIFORNIA

In visiting California you would see mighty streams come tumbling down the mountain side, great parks that stretch for miles, stately trees that have a quietness about them found only in churches. You see the blue ocean, big ranches, fields that cover miles of lands. You see the parks, boat races, beautiful roses. Wouldn't you like to go to California.

JESS C. GILBERT,  
4th Grade, Wimber.

## ACROSTIC FOR WESTERN STATES

W is for Wyoming, the Yellowstone State, E is for "Pony Express," that was never late.

S is for salmon that leap a waterfall. T is for trees that are very tall.

E is for everything that grows in the West,

R is for the river and the Canyon Grand.

N is for Nevada and the desert sand.

VERNELL KING,  
Age 11, 5th Grade,  
Rhymes School.

## SPRING

The leaves are green. The pools are bright. Spring came to us. In the night,

## SUMMER

The sun is very warm. The honey-bees swarm. The children bare-footed go. This season you are sure to know.

## AUTUMN

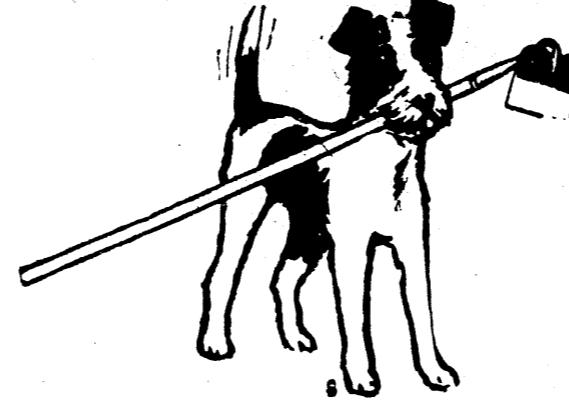
The fruit is ripe, Off to school we go. It is just like fairy-land, When the wind begins to blow.

## FALL

The golden leaves are falling fast, For summer time has past; I love to go to school. While it is nice and cool.

BLANCH THOMPSON,  
6th Grade, Calhoun School.

## My Trick Dog



I have a pet dog. It is white all over except the tips of its tail, which is black. I taught him to grin and he can stand on his hind legs. I can say "howdy" and put my hand out to him, and he will put his right foot out as if he were a child. He is very smart about bringing things to me. His name is "Frisky."

WIDMER PLATT,  
Age 12, Sixth Grade, Rhymes School.

## THE WILD BIRD'S PRAYER

"Our superiors who are on earth, Mankind is your name: Share with us your kingdom. Your will is ours in the air as upon the earth. Give us each day some food and drink and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us by robbing and killing us."

"Lead us not into temptation—we are only birds, and weak—but deliver us from evil thefts we commit of portions of fare from your gardens, orchards and fields, when we are starving and cannot find sustenance which from the beginning of time, was meant for us alone, for yours is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever and forever."

"Oh, Mankind we do, and we continue to do good and helpful work for you, given the chance."

"Let us protect and beautify your kingdom and, in our tiny homes, in the places of refuge which we beg you to provide for us, and at the windows and doors of your homes we will lift our voices in hymns of gratitude and praise from dawn unto dark."

"These things we ask for Mercy's sake in the name of the Almighty God who created us as well as you. Amen."

BERTHA MOORE,  
5th Grade,  
Okaloosa School.

## THE RUN-AWAY MAN

Once I knew an old man Who had lots of money. That old man never did act funny. He had his money under his house. No one knew where it was, Not even a mouse.

One night when every one was asleep And he knew there wasn't anyone to peep.

He grabbed his money and put it in a sack, With great haste he put it on his back.

Down the road he went hippity-hop, He went so fast he never did stop.

VERNIE DUCHESNE,  
Rhymes School.

## BOY WASHES FACE



MY FRIENDS AT SCHOOL

Bring forth the soap . . . The soap is brought! The gentle, healing, soothing soap, One hears about over the radio. Apollo stands before The marble lavatory . . . Threatening ablation . . . Aye, threatens is the word, For finally emerging With sable physiognomy And ancient bits of terra firma Enclosed behind each ear— Do says tomorrow he will Do a better job!

Oh, film-removing toothpaste, And divinely smelling soap! Could I devise some plan whereby A lusty youth will use ye! Without browbeatings, And admonishings. And implorings from the Mater!

Apollo stands before The marble lavatory . . . To make a touchdown He will crash a line . . . But stands in awe of wag rag And of soap!

CILLA FAY DUCHESNE,  
Grade 6, Age 12 years,  
Rhymes School.

## SIGHTS OF CALIFORNIA

In visiting California you would see mighty streams come tumbling down the mountain side, great parks that stretch for miles, stately trees that have a quietness about them found only in churches. You see the blue ocean, big ranches, fields that cover miles of lands. You see the parks, boat races, beautiful roses. Wouldn't you like to go to California.

JESS C. GILBERT,  
4th Grade, Wimber.

## THE HOST BALL



One day Mary and I were playing in the meadow with our dolls. We went into the house for the dolls' clothes. When we came back the dog had carried my doll off and I was surprised. I looked in the grass and there it was. Then we went into the house and told mother all about it.

ANNIE M. MC COUGH,  
4th Grade Archibald School.

## A BAD LITTLE DOG

Baby came toddling up to my knee, His chubby features all aglow, "Dess I doin' to be 'oor beau, See what 'oo dot from me!" A Valentine from my baby boy. A crumpled sheet and a homely scrawl,

In a baby hand—that was all— Yet it filled my heart with joy.

Broken my heart and white my hair, And my mothers eyes are used to weep;

My little boy is fast asleep In the churchyard over there.

What shall be mamma's Valentine? The spirit touch of the baby hand.

A baby voice from the spirit land Sing a song divine.

Euzene Field.

VERNELL KING,  
Age 11, 5th Grade,  
Rhymes School.

## SPRING

The leaves are green. The pools are bright. Spring came to us. In the night,

SUMMER

The sun is very warm.

The honey-bees swarm.

The children bare-footed go.

This season you are sure to know.

AUTUMN

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Off to school we go.

It is just like fairy-land.

When the wind begins to blow.

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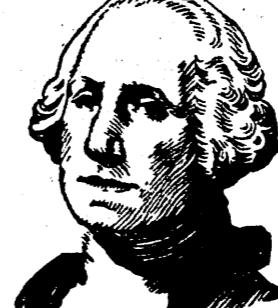
I love to go to school.

While it is nice and cool.

BLANCH THOMPSON,  
6th Grade, Calhoun School.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

Washington and Lincoln—their names are inseparably associated in the minds of a grateful republic, and their fame is forever united in the annals of the world. Each was patriotic; their country called them, and they obeyed the call to the sacrifice



of any other ambitions. Each was a hero in great things as well as in small things. They ruled their own spirit as they ruled the nation. These things may be enough for us as a younger generation to copy and imitate; Earnestness, uprightness, patriotism, heroism. If these four live in our own minds and hearts, to inspire, mature and make better men and women, and better citizens, Washington and Lincoln will not have lived in vain.

TRUDIE KING,  
Rayville, La.

THE TEETH

The teeth have many uses. If you have beautiful teeth it will help your appearance; they will aid digestion and they will help in producing your speech. So to have good teeth brush them twice a day, and don't crack nuts with your teeth because it will break the enamel on them and they will decay. Then you will have to pay a dentist's bill. The best thing to do is to help your teeth and they will help you all through life.

WIDMER PLATT,  
Age 12, Grade 6,  
Rhymes School.

## MY PET DOG

I have a pet puppy And his name is Lucky. Such a pretty dog. He can haul a log.

JUANITA FRITH,  
5th Grade,  
Okaloosa School.

## MY PET DOG

Little Dog Penny Was a bad little dog. He ran at a cat And jumped at a frog.

But when his good master Came out of the house He ran up to him Like a cat runs at a mouse.

Little Dog Penny I think will be good.

Every little boy and girl Thinks that he should.

MARY JOYCE DUCHESNE,  
Age 4 years, Rayville, La.

MACKIE DUCHESNE,  
Rhymes School.

TOO LARGE

The little ones are not happy always; Ours is a grown-up world, planned for a race

Of tall folk; imagination's small maze Of melody and color has no place To spread its little tent. The lovely eyes

Of children are not happy, are not gay.

Always it is a world too great in size,

Too huge for the gnome's song and the elf's play,

Too coarse for the little ones to nest

their dreams And make believe; too chill, often,

Who are as fragile as the tulip's

# GOITRE

## Leads to Tragedy

Startling Stories Show How Diseased Thyroid Gland Ruins Mind and Body.

What ails the younger generation? Why the wild tales of reckless escapades which end in tragedy?

And why is there so much more discord than ever before among married people that often leads to separations or divorce court?

A great Battle Creek specialist found that so many of these cases occur among girls and older people afflicted with goitre. He tells all about it in his book—*FREE*.

### Goitre Poisons Victims

Even before the goitre is large enough to be seen, it can fill the system with poisons which act on body, mind and nerves like a terrible exciting drug.

It excites the emotions. In the young it gives rise to abnormal cravings which lead to shocking consequences. The finish may be a mental and physical breakdown.



In older people, it causes "jangled" nerves, melancholy, hysteria and often a violent temper that makes it impossible to live with the victims. In this state it has broken up many happy homes.

**Goitre Crazed Girl's Mind**  
"For several years," said one mother to this great specialist, "we were worried over our daughter's growing wildness. The most terrible actions; the most questionable companions. Remonstrations only led to scenes. She acted as no well-bred girl could act unless something had happened to her senses."

"Then your book on goitre arrived. My daughter agreed to try the home treatment, especially as her goitre had then become large and ugly. Now her goitre is gone. She is a happy, contented, cheerful girl once more; satisfied with normal pleasures and her health is fine."

**Wife With Goitre Drove Husband From Home**

A young husband said: "My wife once the sweetest, happiest little woman, developed a highly nervous state, accompanied by hysteria. Then she began to have violent fits of temper. I couldn't stand the constant fighting. I left home."

"Then I came across your book on goitre. It showed the effect of goitre on her mind. I went back and induced my wife to have the home treatment. Today, with her goitre gone, she is her own sweet, sunny, happy self again and we are very grateful and happy."

**Later Effects of Goitre**

Besides upsetting the emotions, these poisons may ruin the once splendid mind and body. Nerves and "blues" may become worse. The glands may degenerate.

The mind may become slow, the face blank, dull and unattractive. Health breaks, too. Muscles may become weak and trembling; the limbs swell; the eyes protrude. The list of other symptoms come. The pressure of the goitre may cause choking and suffocation.

Yet even when goitre has reached this state, it need not be fatal. The remedy does not remove the cause and goitres often return when operated on. Besides, operations are dangerous. The remedy advised is a simple easy, home medical treatment.

### Get FREE Book Today

This great Battle Creek specialist tells all about goitre in an amazing book called "Goitre, Its Causes, Its Dangers, Its Treatment."

He has specialized in goitre for twenty-five years. Has probably treated more goitres than any other physician on earth.

He is the author of the book.

He is the author of the book.</

# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE MORNING WORLD

## Monroe Morning World

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FOUNDED OCTOBER 20, 1929, BY ROBERT EWING

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The Monroe Morning World is an independent newspaper. It prints the news impartially. It supports what it believes to be right. It opposes what it believes to be wrong, without regard to party politics.

### THE MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION

Mayor Arnold Bernstein, in an official proclamation, yesterday expressed the thanks of the city to all those agencies and individuals who have aided in the fight to repel Ouachita River waters from inundating the city during the period of high water. The mayor, in his message, reflects the sentiment of heartfelt appreciation which the entire community entertains for those who not only fought on the battle front along the levee lines, but also for the efforts of those forces that served at the sand pits or in the kitchens and the dining halls, or who directed the fight from the flood control headquarters.

The mayor's proclamation suggests, too, that, even if the immediate battle against flood waters has been won—and there still remains a possibility that the period of high water is not entirely past—a large responsibility will rest on the whole affected region in the task of rehabilitation. In that task the chief executive expresses the hope that "all government agencies" will be united in restoring the losses occasioned by the flood's havoc and making this section of the state safe from any similar future menace.

Important excerpts from the proclamation are these:

"... I am able to tell you definitely that our city will be saved from the most extensive flood on the Ouachita River we have ever known in our entire history.

"All of the noble men and women of Monroe and surrounding territory who have participated in this work and given liberally of their time and money in order to save Monroe from the disastrous overflow have our heartfelt thanks.

"To all of our neighbors and friends outside of Monroe, in every city and hamlet of North Louisiana, we wish to let you know that everything that you have done has been deeply appreciated by us all. If ever misfortune overtakes your city, or your homes, we will aid you as you have aided us.

"We feel very deeply indebted to the army engineers who came to us at our call and did such splendid work. The state engineers, designated to take over this work when it was so badly needed, have been on the job all the time and have given every aid and counsel, along with the city engineering department of the city of Monroe.

"We felt that in calling upon the United States government, they would come to our assistance as they have throughout the entire Mississippi Delta and adjacent territory when the need for the protection of lives and property was apparent.

"We hope that a great many things in respect to what must be done for the reconstruction, building definite protective works and finally putting our fair city in shape again, will have the entire cooperation of all government agencies."

Many important lessons are to be derived from the present experience. After the work of restoring normal conditions has been accomplished, there must be a broad plan adopted for ample protection of the two cities on either bank of the Ouachita. The interests of Monroe and West Monroe are identical in this respect, and, as the mayor suggests, there should be "full cooperation of all government agencies" developing an adequate system of protection. The federal flood control act of 1928 provides the means for effecting such a program, and those provisions should be invoked at the proper time.

### CENTRAL AMERICAN REVOLTS

Central American wars are usually looked upon, north of the Rio Grande at least, as savoring slightly of the comic opera. It is hard to take them seriously. We picture for ourselves rival mobs of untrained, poorly equipped and miserably led "soldiers" who will shoot three volleys and then run—and the side which manages to defer running the longer will win, and the casualties will be exceedingly low.

Perhaps it works out that way a good deal. But the current uprising in El Salvador seems to be something else again. When two thousand people can be killed in one day's fighting, in as small a country as that, it is evident that the fighting is being carried on in grim earnest. A Central American insurrection attended by such heavy casualties is nothing to laugh at.

A Reno petitioner testified, "He picked me up by the ears and dropped me on the floor." And his nickname for her, one would say at a guess, was "Bunny."

To discourage long-winded callers, a cabinet officer in Iraq has removed all chairs from his office but one. And doubtless has electricians working on that.

### Complete Protection for All

(Editorial from the Ouachita Citizen)

West Monroe will never again have to go through the experience of an overflow. In 1912, the first overflow in this section of modern times, West Monroe was a small village, and high water did little damage and caused only slight inconvenience. When the overflow of 1927 came, Brownville had been built up; Ransom Addition was a thickly settled district; the residence district of South West Monroe covered a large area, and the northern section of the city had spread to the west. That overflow did enormous damage and caused untold distress and financial loss. Its results were so tragic that a determination was born in the minds of West Monroe residents that any recurrence of such conditions must be prevented at any cost. So, a few months after the waters had receded, the people of West Monroe had an opportunity to buy immunity from future floods at the cost of a moderate tax on their property. Between the time that the city was covered with overflow water and the time of the election to vote on this tax, the United States government had announced flood control plans which, if carried out, would keep overflow water from the Mississippi River from entering the Ouachita River, and, while the plans of the federal government were not approved of, many believed such plans would make the local flood control proposition unnecessary, and they voted against it. Others voted against it because they believed the flood of 1927 to be one of those calamities which, like the San Francisco earthquake or the Galveston flood, never repeat themselves. And so, for one reason or another, plans for protecting West Monroe from overflow went for nothing.

The present flood is not caused by the Mississippi River, and any flood control plans of the federal government will not protect this city from future overflows from this same source, and a realization of this fact has removed much of the opposition to local flood control plans. The same proposition that was defeated in 1928 would be overwhelmingly approved in 1932, and either this same plan or a better one, if possible, will be submitted to the people of West Monroe—and, if they choose to come into it, of Brownville—as quickly as the details can be worked out and the legal formalities gone through with. Could such a proposition be voted on today, there would not be a dissenting vote, and a few months from now, when a vote is taken, the number of votes against will be negligible.

It has been proposed that the plan of 1928, which proposed to raise South Riverfront Street to a height sufficient to withstand a 50-foot stage of water in the Ouachita, be amended and this street left as it is. Such a proposal was made because it seemed to be the wish of the residents of that street, and was a concession to their desires. However, the plans of those who are taking the lead in formulating a flood control measure for West Monroe and Brownville provide for complete protection for every section of this district, and if any section is left out it will be at the express request of the section excluded.

Before any section is excluded, efforts will be made to overcome the objections of the residents, and only after these efforts prove futile will any section be left outside of the protective wall. North, south, east and west should and will be afforded the same protection unless a section desires to be excluded.

What West Monroe and Brownville should have is complete protection from overflow. With the united support of the residents of all sections of these two communities, complete protection can be had at a cost far less than the cost of even one overflow such as is being experienced now. Complete protection for every section of West Monroe and Brownville would cost the average home owner less than five dollars a year—less than ten cents a week. How many of them have lost less than that amount within the past month because of high water? Where is the resident of either of these two communities who has not lost more than that sum? And even if there had been no loss in money, who would be willing to go through such an experience as the present one for the small amount of tax necessary to provide flood protection?

Any plan for protecting West Monroe and Brownville from overflow should, and probably will, include every section of these two communities. Then, after the plans have been made, a mass meeting of the citizens of the district should be held, and the plan explained to them in detail. If a majority of any section insists on being excluded, and argument and reason fails to overcome the determination to stay out, they could be left outside of the protective levees and walls. Thus they would save the amount of the yearly tax, but would lose it all and more should they ever sell their property and find themselves compelled to accept a price below the price of property within the protected area. West Monroe and Brownville will unanimously support a complete flood protection plan. And the time to start it is immediately after the present emergency, which is taking the time and thought of the two communities, is past.

### Japan and the Five Proposals

(Editorial from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat)

Japan announces that four of the five proposals presented to the government by the United States and Great Britain, supported by France, Italy, Germany and other governments represented at Geneva, are acceptable with possibly some reservations which will call for mutual adjustment. The fifth proposal is said to be "absolutely unacceptable." The first four proposals have to do exclusively with the critical situation at Shanghai, and would provide, first, for suspension of hostilities; second, cessation of further preparation for conflict; third, withdrawal of Chinese and Japanese combatants from points of contact, and, fourth, establishment of a neutral zone about the International Settlement to be policed by neutrals. The fifth, however, referred to negotiations for the settlement of the entire controversy between the two nations, and was worded as follows:

Upon acceptance of these conditions, prompt advances are to be made in negotiations to settle all outstanding controversies between the two nations in the spirit of the pact of Paris and the resolution of the League of Nations of December 9, without prior demand or reservation and with the aid of neutral observers or participants.

This, of course, would include the Manchurian differences, and Japan's emphatic objection to it seems to be based primarily upon the provision for the "aid of neutral observers and participants" in the negotiations. Japan has from the beginning insisted that its course in Manchuria was nobody's business but Japan's and China's, and they must settle the questions involved between themselves without outside interference. It has receded from that untenable position sufficiently to consent to the appointment of a neutral commission by the League of Nations, but it maintains the position that it and China must negotiate alone.

However, Shanghai is the danger point, and if the first four proposals can be accepted by Japan and China, put into effect and faithfully observed, the peril to international peace of the situation there can be greatly modified if not entirely removed. With quiet and security established at Shanghai, the problem of Manchuria can be given calm and deliberate consideration by the League of Nations and the United States without serious risk of war, providing Japan does not break out in a new place and the situation is tactfully handled by the other powers. But their consideration should not be too deliberate. The delay of the League of Nations in getting the commission of inquiry appointed and on the ground in Manchuria appears to be inexcusable. From a Geneva dispatch of a few days ago, it is to be inferred that the commission has been created but it has not yet started for Manchuria. Surely it ought to have been there long before this. But once it is there and at work, the League and the governments it represents, as well as the United States, should have authoritative information as to the facts and the rights of the situation in Manchuria upon which to base constructive proposals for a satisfactory settlement of the problems there.

The Japanese have all along contended that the world misunderstands its policy and conduct, and, in truth, the world finds it difficult to understand. But then Japan should encourage and assist understanding, come down off its high horse, recognize that there are other rights and interests in Manchuria, and in China generally, than theirs, and co-operate in an effort to solve the problems, if she expects to retain or regain the respect of the world.

### Howe About Everything

By E. W. Howe

I have never thought much of an expression widely used: Seeking the Truth. It has been my experience that men are naturally disposed to deny the truth, and that every hour it seeks them out, to demonstrate itself. Men need not seek the truth; it will hunt them up, and make a showing they cannot afford to deny.

The invention of printing, like the invention of moving and talking pictures, was wonderful. Bad directors have made a sad mess of both. I know plenty of people who never attend a moving picture show; I hear of men threatening to quit reading, the average is so low. . . . There was a tremendous item in my neighborhood the other day. The newspapers did not mention it, but they informed me that a certain man and his wife had eaten Sunday dinner with a neighbor.

A book I have lately read defends death; the first performance of the kind I have seen. "If common sense regulated the movements of our poor thinking machine," says this writer, "death could only inspire in us feelings of affectionate sympathy. We should treat it, at least in relation to ourselves, as a strong and benign friend, for it alone can deliver us from never-recurring anguish; give us unclouded peace instead of continual anxiety. When you are dead you will no longer be in a state to regret anything, neither flowers, nor women, nor wine, nor thrones, nor the gold for which you have made so many vain sacrifices. What will it matter if famine, pestilence and war unchain their wrath against the living? You, lying in a comfortable grave, eaten up by honest worms, will sleep soundly."

All I can say of this writing is what I say of all other writing, it does not satisfy or convince me. I still dread death.

Some troubles cannot be got rid of by hoping for the best. There was that case of a man condemned to be hanged, and who, from his cell, could hear carpenters slowly hammering as they erected a scaffold in the jail yard.

There is no philosophy that can prevent such a man worrying.

The American people are somewhat in the position of this poor prisoner. Every day the papers report progress on the scaffold being built to hang them. Arguments for a reprieve are being presented, but the lawyers we have employed are very expensive, and doing no good. The situation is so grave we cannot help worrying.

I often wonder if the habits of all men were not originally about the same. There does not seem to be a great deal of variation in birds, horses and other of the lower types of living things. Are the great variations in the habits of men due to cultivation? The lower animals do nothing sinful; they have a right to do what is natural to them. Probably men were that way in the first place. I hear of barbarian tribes doing fairly well until they visit by civilized men; then they tend downward, and occasionally extinct.

Young men frequently write to tell me what they think. . . . Usually I reply no one knows what he actually thinks until sixty or seventy years old; they are not in possession of all the evidence before that age. And as a rule when a man passes sixty or seventy, he is able to realize what he thinks does not amount to a great deal; at least, that the world will pay little attention to what he thinks.

A gentleman who writes for the public prints says the trouble with me is I will learn nothing new; that I have a set of old motions, and depend upon them for my opinions.

The gentleman does not tell me little about me (we all are frequently guilty of this sort of unfairness.) There never was a man more convinced of the importance of seeking new things than I am. I use the telephone, telegraph, radio, automobile, railroad, having found them of value, and better than old ways. But a man announced a new thing recently I am afraid of. He has an improvement for airplanes which (he says) will save the lives of passengers in case of accident. It is very simple; he merely attaches a balloon to one of the luxurious cabins of the airplane, and thus the passengers descend safely to earth.

Citizens ought not to be forced to the necessity of encountering damage or assuming ruinous responsibilities before they are permitted to seek and secure a court decision as to their rights and duties. Such a scheme puts a premium upon delinquency and penalties altogether out of harmony with a proper conception of law, order and justice. It should be the primary purpose of the state to save its citizens from injury, debt, damage and penalties, and to this end the highest function of the court ought to be to decide, when possible, the controversies of parties before any loss has been suffered or any offense committed.

The declaratory judgment allows parties who are uncertain as to their rights and duties, to ask a final ruling from the court as to the legal effect of an act before they have progressed with it to the point where any one has been injured.

There is nothing experimental in the uniform act.

The declaratory judgment is a progressive step in administrative justice, beneficial to all classes of citizenry, prejudicial to none, and involves no conflict of political factions, no division of industrial or economic interests and no clash of social forces.

Civil courts have heretofore functioned solely upon the idea of giving to an injured party reparation and redress. A litigant has no standing in court until he has been actually hurt and suffered serious loss or damage.

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The declaratory judgment may be either affirmative or negative in form and effect; it may determine some right, privilege, power or immunity in the plaintiff, or some duty, liability or disability in the defendant. The judgment is not based on any wrong already done or any breach committed. It is not required to be executed, as it orders nothing to be done. It simply declares rights and duties so that parties may guide themselves in the proper legal road.

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## SOCIETY

EVE C. BRADFORD, Editor

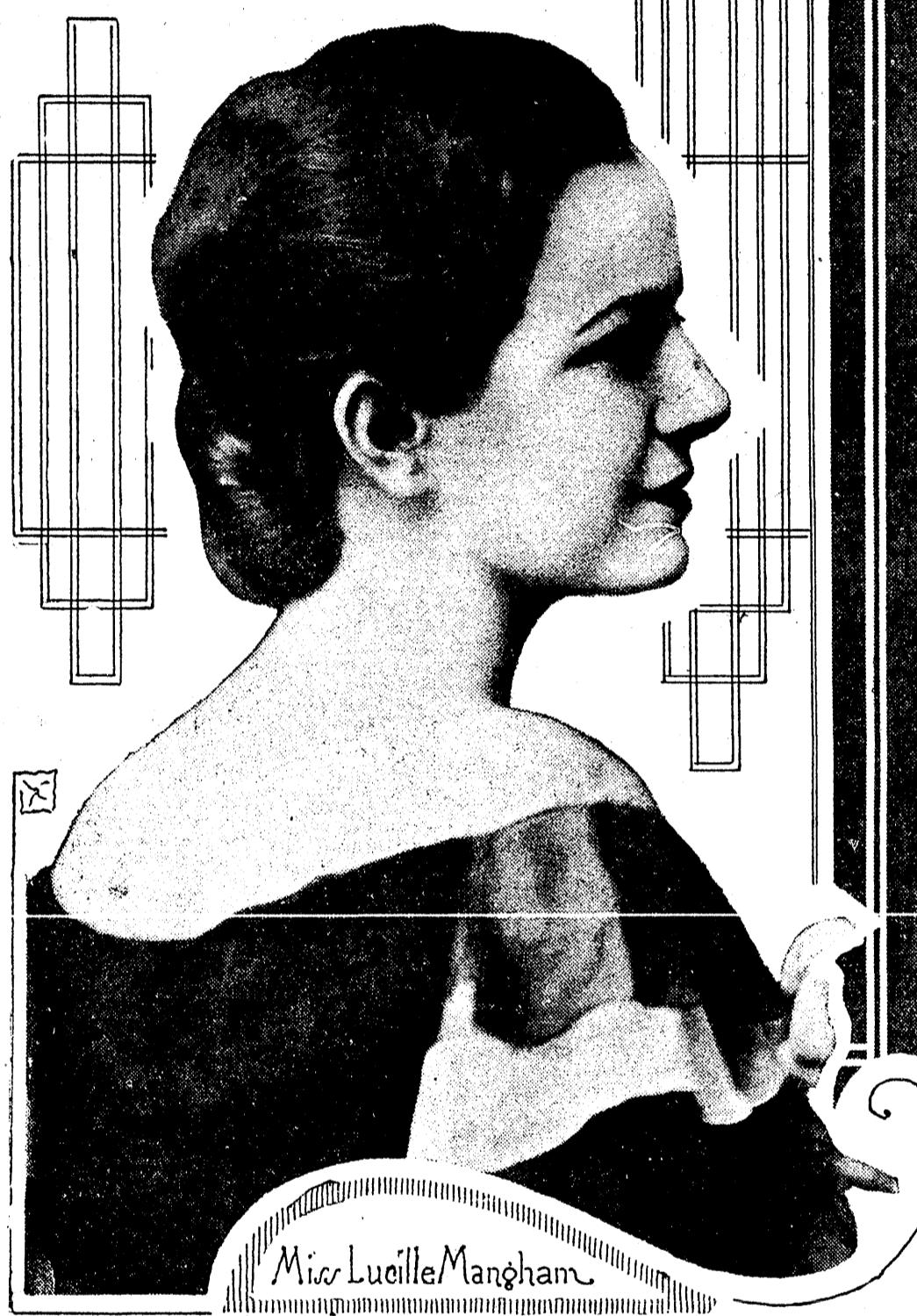
## TODAY

Miss Lucille Mangham, beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mangham of Rayville, La., and a great favorite in younger social circles in this city has just been voted the most attractive student at Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia, where she is a member of the senior class. Miss Mangham is president of the Louisiana-Alabama-Mississippi Club and a critic of the Curey Club at Sullins.

Miss Gimler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gimler, a member of the Junior class of the Neville High, is a candidate for the prettiest girl student of the Neville School. This is indeed an honor as this school is noted for its beautiful girls.

Miss McKoin, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. M. McKoin is a member of the senior class of Neville High and is a candidate for the most popular and the most typical high school senior. Miss McKoin is one of the most popular members of Delta Beta Sigma Sorority.

Miss Nellie Breard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Armand Breard and a member of the senior class of the Neville High. She was selected as a candidate for the prettiest girl of the senior class contest. Miss Breard is exceptionally talented; a brilliant pianist and possesses a lovely voice.



Miss Lucille Mangham



Miss Beverly Gimler



Miss Dean McKoin



Portraits by GRIFFIN STUDIO

## Mocking Birds Sing Sweetest In Springtime

## Miss Nellie Breard

## Passage of Time Is Traced Back to Prehistoric Man In Most Interesting Manner

The tick of the clock, the stroke of the hour, has played and always will play a most important part in the life of every human being. The hour of execution—the hour of betrothal, the hour of birth—the hour for parting and the hour of arriving. All our movements are timed by the clock. The moments drag for some and tick by for others. The ever-ticking tick-tock through the hours of our life—through the ages, never ceasing its rhythm in spite of the fact that we would often like to hold the hands—silence its ceaseless ticking—to still the flying moments in hours of great happiness or to delay the hour of doom.

Mrs. V. S. Garnett in a paper on "Clocks" traces the history of time back to prehistoric man in the most interesting manner imaginable. You will enjoy reading every word of her carefully prepared article, we feel sure.

In developing a family tree, we trace through volume after volume of the written record until the mouldy old pages refuse to yield further, and there is an end to definite information. Even then, however, ancient, a lineage has been proven, we are not satisfied. We know there were other generations which the crumbling records refuse to reveal—and some of us hazard a sly guess, though perhaps prejudiced, as to who they were.

In searching out the history of the Clock Family we will not go beyond the written record, although we are certain that even prehistoric man was comforted by some means for marking the passage of time. We find that, like many another, The Clock Family has been known under sundry names; and that its various branches have developed so differently as to

## Junior League Members Give Time to Charity

The philanthropic and charitable work occupying the fore of the stage in this community, the Junior Charity League, a social and philanthropic organization, deserves emphatic mention for the work it is doing. Started in this city just a year ago by a coterie of young society girls and matrons, the Junior Charity League has grown far beyond the fondest hopes of even the most sanguine.

Members of the league are concentrating at the present time on the Children's Clinic at St. Francis Sanitarium, where, under the leadership of Mrs. Gordon Wright, a wonderful work is being carried on. So great was the success of this venture it was soon found necessary to hold the clinic twice a week in place of once and on these days, members of the League can be found, clad in white uniforms, hushing the wails of sick children, comforting the anxious mothers and assisting Dr. E. R. Yancy, who is donating her services, in taking care of their little patients. Their efforts are not confined to the Free Clinic by any means. Committees are appointed every month to care for destitute families with children, who come under their observation. Fresh milk for the children is supplied and proper food provided for the adults.

Miss Alma Summer Potts, chairman of the monthly Style Revues and luncheons at the Virginia Hotel, has made a wonderful success of these events, the proceeds of which go towards the maintenance of the Children's Free Clinic.

## Club Women Formulate Plans For the Annual Convention To Be Held in New Orleans

Plans for the state Parent-Teacher Association to be held in New Orleans April 14th, 15th and 16th, were completed when the state board met in Alexandria Saturday for the regular board meeting. Among the state board members who were present at this time were: Mrs. George P. Meade, Gramercy, state president; Mrs. P. A. Blanchard, New Orleans, chairman of the first district and president of the New Orleans council; Mrs. E. A. Fowler, New Orleans, editor of the Louisiana Parent-Teacher; Mrs. L. A. Mailhes, Shreveport, second vice-president; Dr. Helen Flint, director of health; Mrs. William A. Long, chairman of child welfare magazine; Mrs. Allen King, Minden, re-

cording secretary; Mrs. L. H. Scott Pollock, chairman eighth district; Mrs. C. R. Caldwell, parliamentarian; Mrs. W. J. Avery, Alexandria was the special guest of the board.

In harmony with the follow-up conference held in Baton Rouge last November, the board selected "Parent-Education" as the theme for the convention. Dr. Ada Hart Arlett, chairman of Parent Education for the National Congress of Parents and Teachers has been assigned by the national as their special representative to the convention.

The board also hopes to have as one of their convention speakers Miss

(Continued on Ninth Page)

## Monroe Public Library Shows Great Increase in Patronage During Stress of the Times

Mrs. Lillian Williamson, librarian of the Monroe Public Library, remarked recently upon the increased patronage at this institution. The present depression has affected almost every line of business in the city, with the exception of the public library. People, it seems, have more time for reading and are taking this opportunity to improve their minds. Mrs. Williamson requests, through the medium of this column to appeal to the public for old magazines. Requests come in daily for magazines from people in the flooded areas and the Monroe Public Library will be re-

sponsible for all reading matter donated, reaching these people.

Last month's report of the circulation of books at the Monroe Public Library follows:

Loaned 6,700 books, 1,300 of these were non-fiction and 1,531 were children's books. Added 84 new books to the library and registered 241 new readers. Average daily circulation was 263 and the largest daily circulation was 701 on the 27th of January when the flood was most threatening. The new books added were in the following classes: Reference books, religious, sociology, natural science, useful arts, fine arts, literature, history, travel, biography and fiction.

## Ash Wednesday Will Mark the Observance of the First Day Of Fasting of the Lenten Season

Ash Wednesday, February the tenth, is the season of Lent will begin, and will continue for forty days, exclusive of Sundays, through the Saturday before Easter.

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, and especially observed in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, was so named, it is alleged by some, from the custom during the early ages of the church of penitents appearing on that day in sackcloth and ashes to receive absolution. Hence it was called the day of ashes. Other writers do not record this explanation. Neither was Ash Wednesday the first day of Lent in the ancient church. Not until the time of Gregory the Great, or Gregory II, was the period of fasting extended to make the forty days.

But in 1911 it was enacted in council that on Wednesday, the first day of the fast, the "faithful laymen as well as clerks, women as well as men, should have their heads sprinkled with ashes. The ashes used at this ceremony must be made from the branches of the olive or palm that was blessed on the Palm Sunday of the previous year."

Lent is supposed to have been introduced with a view to commemorating Christ's temptation and His fasting forty days in the wilderness. At first, it was a voluntary fast, continuing forty hours, corresponding to Friday and Saturday before Easter, the time during which He lay in the grave. In time, however, this custom changed considerably, and from voluntary it became a regularly prescribed fast, generally observed by Christians.

In the fifth and sixth centuries the period was extended to thirty-six days. The four days to make forty, which were later added, were introduced either by Gregory the Great in the

sixth century or Gregory II, in the eighth.

The whole week before Easter beginning with Palm Sunday, was kept as holy time, but the fifth, sixth, and seventh days were regarded as peculiarly sacred above the other days of the week. This week was called the Great Week and Passion Week. The fifth day was Maundy Thursday, the sixth Good Friday, and the seventh was the Great Sabbath, observed as a day of rigorous fasting.

Religious worship was celebrated at night and continued until dawn—"ill cock crowing"—the time when the Lord is supposed to have risen from the grave.

## Mrs. McKenzie Will Attend Convention

Mrs. C. E. McKenzie, of this city, national executive committee woman from Louisiana of the American Legion Auxiliary, has just returned from Indianapolis, Ind., where she attended a national executive meeting, and Washington, D. C., where she attended the Woman's Patriotic Conference on National Defense. Mrs. McKenzie will leave tonight for New Orleans to attend a meeting of the executive committee of the American Legion Auxiliary.

The executive committee sessions will be held at the Monteleone Hotel and much business will be considered, according to word received during the week from Mrs. Mary W. Robertson, Baton Rouge, state president of the organization. Plans will be formulated whereby the auxiliary will cooperate in the Legion's employment program and the campaign being carried on to secure a legislative appropriation for the children's aid law.

EDITED  
BY  
GEORGE V. LOFTON

## SPORTS of the WORLD

FIRST NEWS  
EXPERT VIEWS  
ON ALL SPORTS

## HATTIESBURG WILL APPLY FOR FRANCHISE IN COTTON STATES LEAGUE

## Wrangling Marks Close of Speed Skating Preliminaries in Olympic Games

BITTER ARGUMENT  
COMES AS CLIMAX  
TO DAY'S PROGRAM

Scandinavians Launch Protests But Fail to Win When Point Is Gained

By Edward J. Nell  
(Associated Press Sports Writer)  
LAKE PLACID, N. Y., Feb. 6.—The master minds of the 1932 winter Olympics breathed deep sighs of relief tonight, for the preliminaries of the 10,000-meters speed skating championship, with its international complications, ended today after being raced once, the results cancelled, and then raced again.

And, like the second game of a double-header that ends like the first, in a scoreless tie, 18 distance blademen of Norway, Sweden, Finland, Canada and the United States had nothing to show for an extra 6.2 miles of strenuous skating, except enough material for another flock of arguments, charges and counter-charges and bitterness.

Exactly the same eight men—Irving Jaffee, new 5000-meter Olympic champion; Valentine Bialis, Edwin Wedge and Eddie Schroeder, all of the United States teams; Alex Hurd and Frank Stack of Canada, and the Norwegians, Bernt Evenson and Ivar Ballangrud, qualified today for the finals. And exactly the same contenders who could not make the grade yesterday, among them the champions of Finland and Sweden, once more fell by the wayside.

Those who trailed before, trailed again, but more so this time. Neither Michael Staksrud of Norway nor Ossie Blomquist of Finland, champion of Europe at 10,000 meters, could get within striking distance of the leading four in the final dash through the stretch.

One of the chief reasons for the Scandinavian protests and the resulting disqualifications of Hurd, Wedge and Stack was that the Americans, by their jockeying and refusal to set a pace, had treated the Scandinavians unfairly. It seems that the Norwegians, when they set out to race 10,000 meters, get someone to stand by with a clock and then let it over the route as fast as they can all the way.

They agreed to race the American way, however, when the subject of staging the Olympic games in America first was brought up. But the sight of Young Jack Shea, flitting dizzily past their champions to win both the 500- and 1500-meter titles while Irving Jaffee, a New York kid who learned his skating two flights up on the corner of Fifty-second and Broadway, easily captured the 5000-meter final, apparently changed the Scandinavian minds. One of their demands was that the 10,000 meters be skated off, each man competing against time.

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With each man pledged today to lead for at least three laps, and an official order out for a speed of at least a lap every 45 seconds, the boys were able to make a winning time of only 17 minutes, 50-20 seconds in the first heat and 18:05 4-50 in the second. Yesterday Hurd won the heat in 17:41 3-10 and Schroeder grabbed the second in 17:55 8-10. The world's record is 17:17 4-10.

As a side attraction today, 12 dog sled teams, headed by Leonard Seppeals, Alaskan veteran who carried the serum from Fairbanks to Nome years ago, raced over the Adirondack Mountains in a 25-mile dash, first half of a two-day, 50-mile exhibition run. Emil St. Godard, of Canada, won in 2 hours, 12 minutes and 5 seconds, with Seppeals fourth.

As a prelude to a resumption of the center of the stage Monday with the two-man boblet events, the bob sleigh runners out on Mt. Van Hoevenberg, whipping down a terrifically fast side, bettered two world records. Rete Capadutti, 20-year-old Swiss, took his two-man boblet down twice a fraction over 2:03 seconds, while Hubert Stevens, who holds the two-man record of 2:09, made 2:03 flat once.

Hanns Kilian, last of the German four-man bob sleigh captains, bettered Harry Homberger's world record of 1:52 for the mile and a half, made on this slide, with a spectacular slide in 1:51 3-10.

Only one hockey match was played in the Olympic series today, Canada defeating Germany four goals to one. The United States team lost an exhibition match to McGill University of Montreal, two goals to one. The Americans six used mostly spares.

By today's victory Canada maintained its lead in the round robin series with two victories and no defeats. The United States and Germany are tied for second place, with one victory and one defeat each. Poland has lost its two games.

COLLEGE BOXING  
At Blacksburg, Va.: V. M. I., 5;  
V. P. I. 2

At University, Va.: North Carolina, 1; Virginia 6.

At Annapolis: Louisiana State University 3; Navy 4.

## BRUSHING UP SPORTS . . . By Laufer



THEY ALL LAUGHED WHEN GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER, star pitcher of the Cardinals, came stalking out of the bull pen to relieve Jess Haines. It was in the seventh inning of the seventh game of the 1926 world series. The Yankees had the winning and tying run on the bases and dangerous Tony Lazzari was at bat. Old Alex was a comical sight, with his peaked cap and his gangling walk. There were whispers in the press box that Alex had spent the preceding night in a taxicab trying to find St. Louis addresses in New York. Manager Hornsby and the St. Louis

infield gathered around him shouting bits of encouragement. "Keep your shirts on," was all Alex said as he kicked some dirt off the rubber. He never glanced at Tony Lazzari as he deliberately readied himself to pitch. Lazzari's nerves grew tighter than the skin on a kettle drum. The first pitch cut the plate and Lazzari tied himself in a knot swinging. The next was a long foul to left field. The third strike was a sweeping curve that Tony missed with a prodigious swing. The Cardinals had plenty to laugh about when Alex held the Yanks safe for the remaining innings to win the world series.

## GIRLS CAGE TOURNEY SCHEDULED AT DALLAS

DALLAS, Feb. 6 (AP)—Invitations to the Girls' National A. A. U. Basketball Tournament here March 22 to 26 have been mailed to the country's outstanding girl teams. As in past years, competition this year will be under two division rules.

Julius Schepps, chairman of the tournament committee, predicts one of the strongest playing fields to yet participate in a girls' national tournament.

Some of the outstanding teams who have been mailed invitations include Wichita (Kan.) Thrusters, 1931 runners-up; Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Ark.; Oklahoma Presbyterian College, Duran, Okla.; Kansas City, Kas.; Kansas City, Mo.; Dallas Golden Cyclones, 1931 champions; Las Vegas, Colorado; Chilocco Indians, Chilocco, Okla., and Biltmore Junior College, Biltmore, S. C.

## BASKETBALL RESULTS

At Nachitoches, La., Louisiana Normal 22; Millsaps 24.

At New Orleans: Auburn 42; Tulane 27.

At Iowa City, Ia.: Chicago 25; Iowa 20.

At Cookeville, Tenn.: Murray, Ky. Teachers, 29; Tennessee Poly 19.

At College Park, Md.: North Carolina 25; Maryland 26.

At Athens, Ga.: Georgia Tech 15; Georgia 25.

At Williamsburg, Va.: University of Richmond 22; William & Mary 31.

At West Point: Army 37; College 20.

At Beckley, W. Va.: Washington & Lee 31; West Virginia 30.

At Pittsburgh: Notre Dame 26; Pitt 19.

At Princeton: Princeton 25; LaSalle College 24.

At New York: Columbia University 38; University of Pennsylvania 23.

At Oxford, Miss.: Mississippi State 23.

At Dallas: Southern Methodist 30;

At Fort Worth: Texas U. 14; Texas Christian 36.

At Gainesville, Fla.: Florida 36; Clemson 33.

At Louisville, Ky.: Centre College 20; University of Louisville 27.

At Jackson, Tenn.: Caruthersville (Mo.) Junior College 36; Lambuth College 20.

At Jackson, Tenn.: Southwestern Memphis 34; Union U. 26.

At Annapolis: Louisiana State University 3; Navy 4.

RENAISSANCE WINS  
ORLEANS FEATURE

Abdel Takes Mumos Race  
While Broad Meadows Wins Other Big Event

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6 (AP)—Three feature races in recognition of Mardi Gras were run today at the Fair Grounds over a fast track and before the largest crowd of the year.

The third, Mumos Race, six furlongs for four-year-olds and up, was won by Abdel with Pascuma up. Weidenean came second, four lengths behind, nosing out Justinian, who took the show money. Abdel paid for a two-dollar mutuel ticket \$9.00; \$7.60, \$5.00; Weidenean, \$14.80, \$5.50; Justinian, \$8.00.

In the fourth, known as the Louisiana and Mississippi Chambers of Commerce Purse, one mile for four-year-olds and up, went to E. R. Bradley's Broad Meadows, with J. Smith up, by a length and a half over Silverdale, with Wotan third. Broad Meadows paid \$11.80, \$4.60, \$3.20; Silverdale, \$4.60, \$3.60; Wotan, \$3.20.

The Rex Handicap, with \$2000 added as the fifth race for three-year-olds of six furlongs was won by Renaissance in a driving finish over Springsteel, with Prince Farthing three lengths back for third place. Pascuma was forced to resort to the whip and bring Renaissance to the wire in a punishing finish. He paid \$8.40, \$4.00 and \$3.00; Springsteel, \$2.80, \$2.60; Prince Farthing, \$3.60.

The others trailed.

TONY BUTLER of Corpus Christi, Texas, and Archie Hambrick, of Zanesville, Ohio, were tied for second place with 74s.

Harry Cooper of Chicago took a 75 and Levy Lynch of Dallas a 76.

The others trailed.

CLARK AND MANERO IN  
TIE IN HOUSTON OPEN

HOUSTON, Texas, Feb. 6 (AP)—Clarence Clark of Bloomfield, N. J., and Tony Manero, New York professional, tied at the head of the field today in the Houston \$2,000 golf open, each with a 73.

They had identical cards for the first 18 holes, each going out over the windswept course in 38 and coming back in 35. Clark won first prize of \$500 in the recent Texas open at San Antonio.

Tony Butler of Corpus Christi, Texas, and Archie Hambrick, of Zanesville, Ohio, were tied for second place with 74s.

Harry Cooper of Chicago took a 75 and Levy Lynch of Dallas a 76.

The others trailed.

Totals ..... 20 2 42

Tulane (37) F. G. TP.

Beck, f ..... 5 0 10

Schneidau, f ..... 0 0 0

Haynes, c ..... 7 1 15

Cleveland, g ..... 1 2 4

Meyer, g ..... 1 2 4

Roberts, g ..... 2 0 4

Totals ..... 16 5 37

Abdel ..... 6 1 13

Jordan, f ..... 3 0 6

Stewart, c ..... 6 1 13

Hatfield, g ..... 1 0 2

Kaley, g ..... 4 0 8

White ..... 1 1 2

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# LOYOLA SPRINT STAR EQUALS WORLD RECORD IN MILLROSE CARNIVAL

## Dempsey Temporarily Reinstated in Argument With Mississippi Boxing Bosses

**JACK GIVEN UNTIL APRIL TO PRODUCE EVIDENCE IN DEAL**

**Former Champion Says Letters Will Prove He Was Not a Referee**

By Charles Dunkley  
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—Jack Dempsey was given a long count in his battle with the Mississippi State Boxing Commission today.

The former world's heavyweight champion, charged with being a partner in an exhibition fiasco in Columbus, Miss., more than a year ago, was given until April 15 to produce evidence to show he was not connected with the promotion of the show, which resulted, according to the Mississippians, in unpaid bills of \$2,804.70.

Meanwhile, Dempsey is free to continue his exhibition tour and to roam the National Boxing Association territory without being interrupted.

The former champion appeared to face two Mississippi commissioners, Harry J. Landry of Friars Point, and Luther W. Maples of Gulfport, at a hearing conducted by General John V. Clunin, president of the N. B. A.

Dempsey declared he was engaged as a referee of the bouts. He further said he lost \$1,000 himself in making the trip to Columbus, by passing up other dates and that he was not even reimbursed for his railroad fare.

The promoter, Dempsey said, was Ned Person, whom he had never met until he arrived in Columbus on the day of the exhibition. If Person had advertised that Dempsey was a part-

**SHOOT!....**

You'll find it relaxing and pleasant to shoot a friendly game of pool on our smooth Brunswick tables.

**Pastime Pool Room**  
115 North Second Street

he did so without authority, the former champion declared.

Dempsey said that he has evidence, in the form of letters and telegrams, in Los Angeles to prove that he was engaged merely to act as referee. The Manasseh Mauler said these documents were locked in his vault there, and he promised to send his manager, Leonard Sachs, to Jackson, Miss., on or before April 15, with the evidence.

The Mississippi commission recently suspended Dempsey on the charge that he was responsible for debts contracted. The National Boxing Association followed by suspending Dempsey through its territory, but withdrew the decision almost as quickly as it was made.

Today's hearing was a mumble throughout with Dempsey showing every desire to cooperate with the Mississippi commissioners. The Southerners declared they only wished to show that Dempsey was not a partner and therefore not liable for the unpaid bills which involved the preliminary boxes, printing, lumber and contractors fees.

The Mississippi commissioners came to Chicago at Dempsey's invitation and offered to pay their expenses.

**URANIA HALTS JENA RALLY TO WIN, 16-15**

URANIA, Feb. 6 (Special)—Jena's last minute goal rush fell short by one point and Urania eked out a 15 to 15 victory in a fast hard fought game featured by stellar defensive play by both teams in Urania's new gymnasium last night.

Tullos and Helder were outstanding players for Urania while Dosher and Lanier showed up best for Jena.

The box score:

	FG.	FLG.	FC.
Heider, f.	3	1	2
Tullos, f.	2	0	0
Doughty, c.	1	0	1
Sessions, g.	1	1	1
Wright, g.	0	0	0
Total	78	2	3
FG. FLG. FC.			
Dosher, f.	1	2	1
Roark, f.	0	0	0
Hudson, f.	0	1	0
R. Knapp, c.	2	0	2
Lanier, g.	1	0	2
L. Knapp, g.	1	0	2
Total	6	3	7
Referee: Gaharan, L. S. U. Time-keeper, Nelson, L. S. U.			

Referee: Gaharan, L. S. U. Time-keeper, Nelson, L. S. U.

### JONES TAKES UP DUTIES AT L. S. U.

**Former Army Mentor Promises Plenty of Deception in Old Lou Play**

BATON ROUGE, Feb. 6 (P)—Capt. Lawrence "Biff" Jones, new Louisiana State University head football coach, landed in Baton Rouge today and in less than an hour had the situation well in hand.

Not a bit nervous about attacking the fortress of L. S. U. gridiron mediocritv which has baffled other coaches for years, Captain Jones lost no time in outlining with winning smile and genial conversation plans for drilling deception, finesse and power into Tiger teams in the next four years.

Those three Cardinal virtues—deception, finesse and power—express his system in a nutshell. They'll be employed through the "double wingback" and "single wingback" formations, he said.

"We'll have plenty of deception," he remarked, "because unless you have deception with that style of play, you are wasting a man."

"We'll get down to work when spring practice starts Monday," he continued, "starting with exercises to condition the players for the rough work. Scrimmage won't start for a week or ten days."

Captain "Biff" comes to L. S. U. not only as head football coach, but also under War Department detail as an instructor in military science.

A hefty two-hundred-pounder, with a determined chin and a personality that makes friends from the opening whistle, he made a big hit on his first day with students.

Thus the new head coach, who was chief strategist of Army teams from 1923 to 1929, and Trainer Frank Wan-der, also formerly of the Army, are in camp, while the other members of the new L. S. U. "All-American" athletic staff, Associate Coach Burt Ingwersen, formerly head coach at Iowa, and Assistant Emerson Nelson, one-time Iowa line coach, are expected any time.

### RACE RESULTS

#### Hialeah Results

FIRST RACE—5½ furlongs: Zevalos (Smith) ..... 11.40 5.10 3.70

Wise Advocate (Eaton) ..... 4.70 3.50 3.30

Ridge, Red Del Norte, Gan Lee, Lansdowne, Come On Spanky, Phantom Rock and Jillion also ran.

SECOND RACE—1 mile: Pretty Penny (Carroll) ..... 22.80 9.40

Huge Gumberts (Madsen) ..... 2.00 1.80

June Moon and Kensington also ran.

THIRD RACE—2½ furlongs: Lucille K (Allen) ..... 5.50 2.90 3.60

Okara (Workman) ..... 2.00 1.80

Memory Girl vs. Major, H. A. Bennett, Judge Judy, Darkest Hour and Royal Purchase also ran.

FOURTH RACE—1 mile: Bear Cat (Smith) ..... 7.40 3.10 2.40

Star Lassie (Long) ..... 3.60 2.50

Brook (Baby) ..... 2.40 2.20

Montgomery Maid also ran.

THF FIFTH RACE—7 furlongs: Lightning Bolt (Robertson) ..... 13.80 9.20 3.40

Starway (Montgomery) ..... 2.80 2.50

Conqueror (Sims) ..... 1.80 1.60

Sunrise, Sunstar and Royal Rufus also ran.

SIXTH RACE—7 furlongs: Captain (Garner) ..... 8.40 3.90 3.20

Star (Leishman) ..... 2.90 2.50

Fatalist On Sir and Felice also ran.

SIXTH RACE—10 furlongs: Star (Montgomery) ..... 24.70 9.10 5.50

Fair Ball (Arthur) ..... 8.50 4.70

Conqueror (Robertson) ..... 2.80 2.50

Lightning Bolt (Robertson) ..... 2.80 2.50

FIFTH RACE—6 furlongs: Bear Cat (Smith) ..... 7.40 3.10 2.40

Bright Sparkle (Dunphy) ..... 2.10 1.80

Film (Maler) ..... 2.10 1.80

Fair (Cox) ..... 2.10 1.80

Elephant (McLaren) ..... 8.50 4.70

Old Tuck (McLaren) ..... 2.10 1.80

Fair (Cox) ..... 2.10 1.80

Fifth (Cox) ..... 2.10 1.80

Elephant (McLaren) ..... 2.10 1.80

Fifth (Cox) ..... 2.10 1.80

### OLE MISS BASKETEERS DEFEAT MISS. STATE

OXFORD, Miss., Feb. 6 (P)—University of Mississippi made it two straight over Mississippi State, formerly the Mississippi Aggies, with a 31-25 victory pulled out of the fire in the last half. The win gave the Mississippians a conference standing of five won and three lost.

A sparkling defense which held the Aggies to a single field goal in the last 18 minutes of play proved the decisive margin.

String Simpson got hot for Ole Miss in the first half to give his team a lead with 10 successive points which led him for scoring honors with his playing opponent, Taylor of State, who led another Aggie, Wright, by one point.

The score was 18-17 for the winners at the half. The Aggies tallied twice immediately thereafter, and then Ole Miss applied the wet blanket.

The local squad began to look like conference championship contenders tonight. Their next test is against Sewanee here Thursday night.

### L. S. U. CAGERS MEET AUBURN FIVE MONDAY

BATON ROUGE, Feb. 6 (Special)—

Harry Rabenhorst's Louisiana State cagers will make a bid for recognition in the Southern Conference Monday and Tuesday nights when they clash with the crack Auburn five on the L. S. U. court. The Bengals won and lost average in the conference stands at an even 300 today, but they will have to show improvement over the previous form if they are to get as good as an even break against Auburn.

The Bengals boast the leading point scorer in the conference in Harris Samuels, sensational goal shooting sophomore who is leading the point collectors with a healthy margin. Jack Torrence, 245-pound sophomore, is among the first five high point men.

Both teams are well supplied with reserves and should Coach Sam McAllister of Auburn decide to start his



# Society

## Passage of Time Traced Back to Prehistoric Man

(Continued from Fifth Page)

before Christ the Chaldeans had developed a system which, with minor changes, is in use today. Sixty. They had noticed that the moon completed its phases in about 30 days, and that the apparent cycle of the sun was about 360 days, so they divided the year into twelve months of 30 days each, and the days into 12 hours. This arrangement of the number of the days in the year and the months, and the dividing the days into hours and minutes was a big stride in advance, but a method for measuring these small parts of a day was a more difficult problem to solve. The best the Chaldeans could do was a Sun Dial.

Under proper conditions the Sun Dial did very well, but away from the latitude for which it was built, it was useless, and it always quit work at sunset! Nevertheless it was about the best timekeeper and was certainly the most widely used until the coming of the modern clock. Sun Dials were used all over the civilized world in ancient times, in churches, town halls and castle gardens. The Dial of Ahaz in Jerusalem about 1000 B. C., is mentioned twice in the Old Testament, and again in a Chinese manuscript of the 8th century B. C.

Another ancient timekeeper was the water clock or clepsydra, meaning "thief of water." This clock said "drip, drip," instead of "tick, tick." The Chaldeans, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans all used them. Reduced to its simplest terms this was a bucket with a hole in the bottom through which water leaked at a more or less regular rate of speed. If you filled the bucket at six o'clock, a man would know that it was somewhere near supper time when the last drop fell. But freezing weather prevented their performance and the varying pressure of the water as the reservoir approached exhaustion made them inaccurate. Often a slave stood by and struck a gong as the water level denoted the hours. Some of these water clocks were quite elaborate mechanisms and various devices were used to try to keep the flow of the water constant. Some times they were equipped with a dial which responded to the level of a float and marked the hour very much as the indicator on a water tank. Plato brought the

first water clock to Greece. Caesar is said to have measured the short summer nights in Britain by a water clock and Pompey limited the eloquence of the Roman Senators by another which he looted in his campaign in Asia. A thousand years later a king of Persia sent one as a gift to Charlemagne. This water clock had a dial in which were twelve doors, one of which opened at each hour and let out the number of brass balls that corresponded to that hour. These fell at intervals on a drum and had the effect of striking the hour.

Other forms of timekeepers were the Chinese burning rope which smoldered without blazing. These ropes were knotted at intervals and the passage of time was marked as the knots were reached. If the rope was placed between a sleeper's toes, this timekeeper may have served as the original alarm clock. King Alfred the Great used especially made candles which were a foot long and burned an inch an hour, or were meant to. They probably were more clumsy and less accurate than water clocks. A variation of this was the wick which consumed oil out of a glass graduated with the hours. A timekeeper of this kind is mentioned as being in the bed chamber of Philip II of Spain.

Finally the sand glass, or hour glass, was for thousands of years the most common measurer of time in general use outside of Kings' palaces and houses of the great. These operated on the same principle as the clepsydra and are too familiar to all to need much description. We still find in our modern kitchen the three-minute glasses for timing the boiling of eggs.

About the end of the 15th century, clocks began to be made in which a coiled spring replaced the descending weights as the driving force. This invention is usually attributed to Peter Hele of Nuremberg who utilized his invention in the production of pocket-clock—the earliest form of the modern watch. These clocks—known as Nuremberg Eggs because of their shape—were without an accurate regulator, and were very poor timekeepers.

Perhaps the most famous timepiece in the world is the astronomical clock in the Cathedral of Strasbourg—originally constructed in 1352. The best time to visit this clock is at noon when one may see the procession of the twelve apostles, and the very realistic performance of a great rooster who flaps his wings, ruffles his neck feathers and crows three times. Numerous other figures play their parts in the spectacle. This clock is equipped with a wonderful mechanism for showing the time of the rising of the sun and setting of the stars, eclipses of the sun and moon, etc.

The watch is, of course, an adaptation of the clock. While all watches are now of nearly uniform shape, they were made in an endless variety of forms when they made their first appearance about 1560. Some were spherical and were worn suspended from the girdle. Others were cylindrical. During the 17th century they were often made in the shape of crosses, skulls, animals, books, flowers, fruits, and sea-shells, and we have mentioned the original Nuremberg egg! Watches encrusted with jewels or adorned with exquisite paintings are found in all large collections. "Repeaters" that would strike the hour and minute when a handle was pressed were much in use for telling time in the dark. The earlier watches were not usually meant to be carried in the pocket, but were displayed as much as possible to the public. It has been suggested that the watch pocket was introduced by the Puritans, whose habits of mind would lead them to value a timepiece for its utility rather than its beauty.

In recent times the art of watchmaking has developed on the practical rather than the artistic side, and the most notable progress has been due to the introduction of watchmaking machinery in place of hand labor. This is America's great contribution to the industry, and has converted a costly luxury into an everyday necessity. The friendly little wrist watch is a far cry from the 50-foot monstrosities of the 14th Century, yet it is a direct descendant. In its diminutive case it hides some three hundred parts, including a balance wheel which makes 18,000 vibrations each hour, and travels about 18 miles a day; but its movements follow the same principles as did its enormous ancestors. The ordinary stop-watch which measures one-fifth of a second in a long stride ahead of the old Babylonian water-clock.

The clock family has attracted the interest of writers and musicians throughout the years, and is well represented in the literature of prose, poetry and music. With many of us, our earliest recollections are of the "tic-toc" clock, and the watches to which we were invited to listen. Throughout our lives the various members of this family have been a convenience, a pleasure, and a comfort, and we wish them all well, from the old Grandfather clock which "stopped short, never to go again when the old man died," to the naughty little, haughty little clock of today.

## Drive Launched for Signatures of Million Women



Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, president of the National Council of Women, Center; Dr. Mary E. Woolley, president of the American Association of University Women. Right: Mrs. John F. Sippel, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Signatures of one million American women is the goal set by the National Council of Women of the United States in a campaign launched in thousands of communities today. The signatures are being secured to petition governments of the world to send their most representative women to an International Congress of Women which will be held under council auspices at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago in 1933.

Registers for signing petitions have been placed in Postal Telegraph-Cable Co. offices throughout the country.

Twenty-three of the most influential women's organizations in the United States, with an aggregate membership of 5,000,000 women, are member-organizations of the national council.

These organizations are: Association of Women in Public Health; American Association of University Women; American Homemakers' Association; General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Wright Sewall Indiana Council; Indianapolis Council of Women; International Sunshine Society; Medical Women's National Association; National Association of Colored Women; Improvement Association.

National Council of Jewish Women; National Women's Christian Temperance Union; National Women's Relief Society; Needlework Guild of America; National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs; National Kindergarten Association; National Motion Picture League; Osteopathic Women's National Association; Rhode Island Council of Women; Service Star Legion; Supreme Forest Woodmen's Circle; Women's National Garden and Garden Association; Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association.

## Mayor Bernstein Makes Statement

### Thanks People of Towns Around for Their Aid; Lauds Engineers

Mayor Arnold Bernstein yesterday morning issued a statement expressive of thanks of the city administration to all individuals and organizations that participated in the work of fighting off the waters of the Oua-

chita over the country as a whole at 12.5 per cent, or one-eighth, since December, 1929. This average shows that the apartment, house or flat that rented for \$50 a month two years ago, now is available at an average rental of \$43.75. There are exceptions of course, at both ends of the scale, but such is the average.

Fuel and lighting costs have dropped less, largely because fixed charges, including freight rates, have helped to maintain the cost of fuel. Lighting rates, the labor bureau's figures show, are lower now than they were in 1913. They did not rise with the big upheaval in the commodity prices some years back, hence have no outstanding high mark from which to come down. The drop in fuel and lighting prices averages \$6 on the \$100, however, the country over.

A long list of miscellaneous items, including streetcar fares, movie tickets, telephone rates, tobacco, doctors and dentists' fees, medicine, hospital care and toilet articles and preparations also has been surveyed as a whole. Some of the items have dropped materially; others have actually risen—showing the tendency now is toward higher prices—and a group as a whole shows a drop of but \$1 on the \$100. This, it is explained, is because in many cases the factor of personal service enters into the bill.

All in all, the labor bureau finds, the cost of living is now \$15 on the \$100 lower than before the depression. Within the past six months, however, the survey shows, prices have stiffened. The next development, a fair analysis indicates, will be a rise in prices. Today's bargains, in that case, would be available no longer.

### WILL OPEN BIDS.

RAYVILLE, Feb. 6 (Special)—Bids will be opened on March 1, according to the Richland Parish school board, at a recent meeting, for the erection

of a teacher's cottage on the campus of the Start High School west of here. The cottage, it is planned, will be built out of the surplus fund of recent bond issue of school district No. 7. The motion to build the cottage was made by Dr. D. R. Hinton, school board member of this district. Superintendent of Education E. B. Keebler submitted the plan for such a building.

### FREIGHTER FLOATED

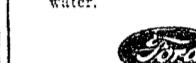
ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., Feb. 6 (AP)—The shipping board freighter Endicott, which has been aground off dry Tortugas for several days, was floated today by the Coast Guard cutters Seacane and Petrel and the tug Relief, according to a radio message received by the local Coast Guard base. The vessel was not damaged.

## Ford Tune-Up SPECIAL

### Only \$4.95

#### This Is What We Do!

Grind valves, clean carburetor. Tune motor, adjust carburetor and spark plugs. Adjust and reset timing of ignition. Clean gas lines. Focus headlights. Add just gas. Check battery and refill with distilled water.



Milner-Fuller, Inc.

212 Walnut Street Phone 1000

## BOOSTER CLUB

### SIX MORE DAYS

To Vote for Your Favorite Candidate—in One More Short Week Some Fortunate Lady Will Own the Beautiful Chevrolet Cabriolet and Each of the Other Valuable Awards.

### Fourth Period Four Days

Monday, February 8th, Through Thursday, February 11th

Beginning Monday morning, February 8th and continuing through Thursday, February 11th will be the Fourth Period of the Booster Club campaign. Monday you will receive 20,000 votes with each dollar transaction at the Booster Club stores. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the THREE BIG BOOSTER CLUB DAYS you will receive 50,000 votes with each dollar spent. Here is your greatest opportunity to help your favorite win. Wednesday, February 10th has been designated as REGISTRATION DAY at the Booster Club stores. From the opening of business until the stores close on that day you will receive 5,000 votes for visiting the stores and signing the registration books. No purchase necessary. Only persons sixteen years of age or over will be allowed to register.

### Three "Big Booster Club Days"

Special Bargain Attractions and Extra Free Votes During These 3 Big Days

### 50,000 Votes

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday will be known as THE THREE BIG BOOSTER CLUB DAYS. The Booster Club stores will offer extra special merchandise attractions during these three days and 50,000 votes in the contest with each dollar you spend. Remember the days, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Visit the Booster Club stores on these days and select your needs. Your favorite candidate will appreciate your help. You are offered merchandise specials and extra votes, trade with the stores that are making it possible for your friends to win the beautiful prizes.

### REGISTRATION DAY

Wednesday, February 10th

Beginning with the opening of the stores for business Wednesday morning and continuing through the day the Booster Club merchants will present 5,000 free votes to each person over sixteen years of age who visits their places of business and signs a registration book which will be there for that purpose. No purchase required, just visit the stores. Remember—Registration day is to be Wednesday, the second of the THREE BIG BOOSTER CLUB DAYS. Your favorite candidate will appreciate the votes you get for her.

### Fifth Period Last Two Days

Friday and Saturday, February 12th and 13th will be the fifth and last period of the Booster Club campaign. During this period you will receive 5,000 free votes with each dollar spent at the Booster Club stores. Your last opportunity to put your favorite candidate over as a winner. Trade with the Booster Club stores and give your favorite all the help you possibly can.

### REMEMBER—

MONDAY YOU WILL RECEIVE 20,000 FREE VOTES WITH EACH DOLLAR. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY 50,000 WITH EACH DOLLAR. THE LAST TWO DAYS—FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—5,000 VOTES. FOR REGISTERING AT THE CLUB STORES WEDNESDAY, 5,000 VOTES.

### -- ASK FOR YOUR VOTES --

## BOOSTER CLUB

## World and News-Star Pattern



Tailormades this season have a smart bow and the belt give opportunity for a bit of contrast. We suggest blue chintz with orange trimming, or orange rough crepe with white trim. Straight lines with soft, feminine fabrics. It will be a life-saver this year of economy because, with several blouses, one suit can play the part of three. And as for the simple frocks with just a bit of contrast, and little or no trimming, what could be smarter than straight lines that can be worn from early morning to late afternoon.

**PATTERN 1152**  
Trim, efficient and extremely lovely of printed rough silk, this jacket and skirt. The coat is straight of line, becomingly reverend and just the right length for genuine chic. The skirt has panels in front that are slender and becoming to every type of figure. The model will be smart in canton crepe, Rosshana or sheer wool. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40. Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch fabric, 1 1/2 yards of ribbon.

These models are very easy to make as each pattern comes to you with simple and exact instructions. Yardage is given for every size.

**PATTERN 1157**  
Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for EACH pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, THE STYLE NUMBER and SIZE of each pattern ordered.

OUR NEW SPRING FASHION CATALOG, just off the press offers 32 pages of the most delightful current and forthcoming styles for afternoon, evening and sports dresses, house dresses, lingerie, pajamas and kiddies' clothes. All the models featured are authentically styled, and simple and inexpensive to make. SEND FOR YOUR COPY. This catalog is FIFTEEN CENTS when ordered alone. Catalog and pattern together, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Address all mail and orders to News-Star—World Pattern Department, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

she will take an advanced course in foreign languages at the University of Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Riggs, Jr., announce the arrival of a lovely daughter, Sue Noble, in their home in Houston, Texas. Mrs. Riggs will be remembered as Miss Agatha Hatch of Rayville, La.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Grigsby and son Byron will leave tomorrow for Tyler, Texas, where in the future they will make their home. Mrs. Grigsby's many friends witness her departure with exceeding regret as she was an active and enthusiastic worker in club circles and especially active in Parent-Teacher work in this district.

**NEGRO IS KNIFED.**  
Jerry Moore, negro levee worker, was taken to the St. Francis Sanitarium in Shreveport. She was joined by her sister, Mrs. Pumphrey of Gisland, en route to Shreveport.

Mrs. Dorothy Schulze left the first of the week for Austin, Texas, where

### WHY DELAY LONGER?

#### ...Decayed Teeth Won't Wait!

A lean purse is no excuse for letting tooth troubles multiply.

Why not have a FREE examination this week at Dr. Smith's? We'll tell you what work, if any, should be done immediately—and surprise you with our low estimate of the cost.

**Pyorrhoea Treated**

### Come in Today

### Dr. W. E. Smith

DENTIST

Over Woolworth's Store

Phone 767

**Your Doctor Advises Precaution!**  
The results of flood will probably bring about diseases you don't expect.  
Stock Up Your Medicine Cabinet Now  
Your Doctor's Order Is Our Law

### WE DELIVER ANYWHERE

We sell everything a good drug store is supposed to sell but we specialize in prescriptions.

**Holloway's Pharmacy**

Clinic Building Phone 3712



PHONE  
4800

## CLASSIFIED SECTION

PHONE  
4800FORMER OIL FIRM  
HEAD KILLS SELFDana Rice Weller Had Been  
President of Louisiana  
StandardBATON ROUGE, Feb. 6 (AP)—Baton  
Rouge tonight mourned Dana Rice  
Weller, former president of the Standard  
Oil Company of Louisiana and a  
prominent citizen of the community,  
who committed suicide today in New  
Rochelle, N. Y., by shooting himself  
in the head.Mr. Weller credited with major re-  
sponsibility for the construction of the  
great Baton Rouge refinery of Stan-  
dard. He came to Baton Rouge April 13,  
1909 as vice president of the Standard  
Oil Company of Louisiana when the  
company was established on that date.

He was 59 years old.

His suicide was blamed on ill health.  
The body will be brought here for  
burial Friday.Mr. Weller, accompanied by Mrs. Weller,  
went to New Rochelle several  
weeks ago to visit the former's brother.  
His wife today found him dead in  
a cellar of the brother's home, and a  
note saying "Sorry I have to do this."Mr. Weller spent 41 years in the oil  
business. Born in Oil City, Pa., he  
began work in the Whiting Refinery  
of the Standard Oil Company, his work  
later taking him to Rouen, France, and  
Beaumont, Texas.He succeeded his brother as presi-  
dent of the Standard Oil Company of  
Louisiana in 1920. In 1926 he resigned  
and moved to New York on his elec-  
tion to the directorate of the Standard  
Oil Company of New Jersey. On the  
death of Cal K. Clarke, by whom he  
had been succeeded, he again became  
president of the Standard Oil Com-  
pany of Louisiana in 1927. Last May  
6 he resigned to become chairman  
of the board of directors.The oil company official is survived  
by his widow, who was Miss Nancy  
Elizabeth Kraft, of Parkersburg, W.  
Va., a son, Warren Weller, and a  
granddaughter, Nancy Winifred Wel-  
ler.LEGISLATORS EXPLAIN  
CASE TO HOME PEOPLEJACKSON, Miss., Feb. 6 (AP)—Their  
defense the "abnormal situation now  
existing," Mississippi's legislators were  
experiencing a trying week-end today  
as they explained to the folks back  
home the new tax demands made in  
the emergency revenue acts awaiting  
their action.The "emergency act" was introduced  
yesterday in the Senate after pro-  
longed failure of the Senate and  
House Money-Raising Committees to  
agree on the amount of the gross in-  
come and gross sales levy, the soft  
drink one-cent tax and the ad  
valorem impost.The House, however, will receive  
Monday or Tuesday the revenue pro-  
gram devised by its Ways and Means  
Committee, which had expected to  
present the program earlier this week.With a common aim of raising reve-  
nues enough to meet an estimated  
biennial need of \$21,500,000 even with  
an expected 33 1/3 per cent slash in  
appropriations, the two committees  
differed despite "remarkable unan-  
imity" on several methods proposed  
to secure the needed funds.Hearings will begin in the Senate  
Monday on the program introduced  
yesterday.Y. W. C. A. ACTIVITIES ARE  
SCHEDULED FOR WEEKA schedule of this week's Y. W. C. A.  
activities here was announced yes-  
terday afternoon by Mrs. J. B. Pollard,  
Y. W. C. A. secretary. The schedule  
follows:Monday, 9 a.m., housewives' cali-  
thetics class at Episcopal Parish  
Parish House.Monday, 6:30 p.m., Y Business Girls'  
Club meeting at Y. W. C. A. Home.Tuesday, 12 o'clock noon, meeting  
of Girls' Service Club of Ouachita  
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## PLEAS ARE MADE ON DISARMAMENT

Demands Are Backed Up by More Than 8,300,000 Signatures

GENEVA, Feb. 6 (AP)—Unofficial humanity told the governmental representatives of 60 nations today that the world insistently demands disarmament.

Backed by petitions signed by more than 8,300,000 plain folks, and delegated by world embracing organizations of women, churches, workers, students and pacifists, authorized spokesmen of various ages, creeds, and economic beliefs addressed the disarmament conference in extraordinary session.

Some pleaded, others demanded, still others threatened; some enunciated only general humanitarian principles, others offered concrete constructive proposals.

But whatever method for impressing the governmental delegates was chosen, and in whatever terms the wishes, hopes or demands were couched, the fundamental thought underlying all of today's oratory was this: That the sorely distressed world looks hopefully and expectantly to Geneva to avoid a new race for armaments and to prevent a world calamity which the failure of the conference might entail.

Miss Mary Dingman, American representative of the world committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, spoke for 14 international women's organizations with 40,000,000 members in 56 countries.

Her voice rang clear through the large hall as she stated woman's determined will to peace.

A volley of applause reverberated through the convention hall, as Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, mounted the platform.

Speaking for the League of Nations Federations, Lord Cecil expounded a set of concrete proposals calling for a 25 per cent reduction in world armament expenses, for an increase in national security by the extension of the League of Nations covenant and arbitration treaties, for the internationalization of aviation and the prohibition of chemical and bacteriological warfare.

**WILL FORM GIRLS' CLASS**  
Organization of a Business Girls' Bible Study Class will be perfected Tuesday night at 7 o'clock at the Y. W. C. A. Home here. The class will study the Book of Matthew. Miss Frances Butler will serve as instructor. All young business women interested in the course are invited to enroll.

## STARS OF "THREE WISE GIRLS"



"That's What They All Say," is the worldly, cynical advice of the heart-broken Gladys Kane to her friend Cassie Barnes. "He's going to tell you he would marry you if his wife gave him a divorce, but there's no reason why you can't see each other—and you know what that means." Three different philosophies toward life and love are expounded in "Three Wise Girls" by Mae Clarke, Jean Harlow and Marie Prevost, the three wise girls of the title. This show opens at the Paramount Theatre, this city, tomorrow for two days only.

## AT THE MOVIES

### AT THE PARAMOUNT

For twelve years, Burns Mantle, nationally known dramatic critic, has published a year book of the ten best dramatic stage productions of the year and his selections have come to carry an official flavor.

His latest volume covering the season 1930-31, to be published shortly, includes Philip Barry's latest Broadway stage hit, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," which many more critics pronounced the best drama of the season, and which also caused wide public discussion due to its extraordinary theme, comprehended in the question: "Is a woman morally and psychologically bound to accept a childless marriage?"

Ruth Chatterton is now appearing in the stellar role of Paramount's filmization of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," with Paul Lukas in the leading male role. This intriguing picture drama is the feature at the Paramount today.

Two playwrights now under contract to Paramount as film writers will have plays included in Mantle's new volume. They are Louis Untermeyer, who adapted "Ladies of the Big House," and whose "Five Star Final" was chosen; and Vicki Baum, in Hollywood to write an original for the screen, who is represented by her "Grand Hotel."

Among the current "Ten Best" is "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" written by Rudolph Besier which was produced and directed by Guthrie McClinic, now a Paramount director. McClinic's wife, Katharine Cornell, is starred in the play.

The remaining six dramas are "Elizabeth the Queen," "Once in a Lifeline," "Green Grow the Lilacs," "Alison's House," "As Husbands Go," and "Overture."

### AT THE CAPITOL

Unexcelled at portraying emotional roles of tense dramatic calibre, Helen Twelvetrees scores her greatest triumph in "Panama Flo," her latest RKO-Pathe starring production, which will open at the Capitol Theatre to-day.

A story of romance and intrigue, full of intense, dramatic situations, "Panama Flo" undoubtedly takes its place as one of the most absorbing and interesting of the season's melodramas.

Staged against a background of Panama and South America, it is the tale of a New York show girl, stranded by a perfidious sweetheart, who is tricked into accompanying an unscrupulous oil "wild-catter" into the jungle as his housekeeper. When the sweetheart attempts to rob the oil man, however, she shoots her lover. The outcome of this strange triangle is one which provides a thrilling climax and allows the star some of the finest dramatic moments seen on the screen in years.

In addition to Miss Twelvetrees' outstanding performance, Robert Armstrong and Charles Bickford, in two powerful roles, contribute striking portrayals.

Other members of the cast include Paul Hurst, Maude Eburne, Reina Velez—sister of Lupe, and Marjorie Petersen.

Ralph Murphy has done a splendid bit of direction on "Panama Flo," the story of which was taken from the original by Garrett Fort.

### "GETTIN' READY."

Efforts are being made by Willie Calloway, negro, condemned to hang for the slaying of Jasper Gordon, Missouri Pacific special agent, to get himself in readiness for the execution. Calloway said yesterday he had not yet "got right," but hoped to do so soon. Negroes in the jail have been holding prayer meetings with Calloway each night for several nights. The negro is now anxious to see members of his family. As he has practically abandoned hope that he will escape the gallows, he wants to see them before the time comes.

## TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE  
(Copyright, 1931, King Features Synd.)

(Continued from First Page)

ica that the whites came in, good for Texas, California, etc. They became part of the United States, instead of remaining Mexican.

The 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 Chinese will absorb, in time, the 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 Japanese, as England absorbed William's Normans as modern New York absorbed the Dutch ancients, as the Italian peninsula has absorbed, and made Italian, the "long-beards" that gave their name to Lombardy, and all the other barbarians.

**JAPAN IS A BUSINESS** nation, understanding organization and modern methods. She will organize industry and agriculture in Manchuria, suppress banditry, permit the natives to live and work in peace, and permit them to buy goods from other countries.

The Chinese are industrious, honest, able. The coming of foreigners will not mean that their country will be taken from them. Four or five hundred million human beings cannot be crowded out.

The whole Chinese race has been protected with an intricate system of trenches.

Chinese civilians, carrying their household goods on their backs, plodded out of the area of danger in the direction of Shanghai.

There has been much aviation activity by the Japanese over Shanghai during the last 24 hours, but the expected attempt by China to dispute air supremacy failed to materialize. Only two Chinese planes appeared over the city and they soon sped to the west.

Two American missions were reportedly attacked. Japanese Bluejackets were said in Shanghai dispatches to have ransacked the American Presbyterian mission and press, although church officials in New York said they had no reason to believe their Shanghai property had been touched.

The mission of the American Methodist Church, South, in Hongkew, which was ransacked by the Japanese

## Big Guns Roar as China's Antique Army Continues to Resist Japanese

last week, was shelled by light artillery—whether by Japanese or by Chinese was not determined.

Eighty-six more Americans were evacuated from Nanking, where a Japanese attack was momentarily expected. Of the 180 American residents of that city, 109 have been taken to places of safety. These include all the children and most of the women.

In Tokyo the government issued a formal declaration that it had no intention of entering upon an aggressive campaign in Shanghai. The official statement said the purpose of sending army units to the Chinese city was "to put an end to the menace of the Chinese armies and to relieve inhabitants of all nationalities from the strain of fear."

It was understood this explanation was made public after Britain and the United States had conveyed "expressions of disapproval" to Tokyo on learning of the plans to send new troops.

The navy department in Washington heard that seven shells from Chinese anti-aircraft guns had burst within the Marine area at Shanghai.

Admiral Montgomery M. Taylor, commander of the American naval forces at Shanghai, informed Washington that the Japanese would land infantry in the international settlement tomorrow.

The Washington commerce department learned that the Shanghai business community had suffered losses estimated at \$12,500,000 since the battle has been going on.

Chinese troops concentrated in the region of Pinhsien, Manchuria, after being driven out of Harbin, were bombed by Japanese airmen.

Japanese estimated that the Chinese lost 500 killed and 300 wounded in the fighting Thursday and Friday at Harbin, and they placed their own losses at 16 dead and 60 wounded.

ties my continuing this fight for government in our beloved city.

"Among the expressions received is a letter from the Francis Democratic Women's Organization of New Orleans, giving me a unanimous vote, proclaiming that I am the governor of Louisiana, and that they are willing to be, cause, one hundred per cent, and honest government."

"I am especially pleased at the interest prevailing over the status of the womanhood of Louisiana in the existing crisis."

**PACKET TAKES LOAN**

The "City of Monroe" tied Friday and yesterday was taken a load of carbon black and coal to New Orleans. The docking on the West Monroe side immediately south of the traffic bridge had to be conveyed there for as the railroad bridge cannot be due to orders of the Illinois Railroad Company. This is high water which would render opening and closing of the bridge difficult if not impossible.

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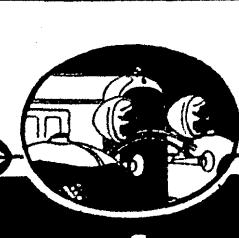
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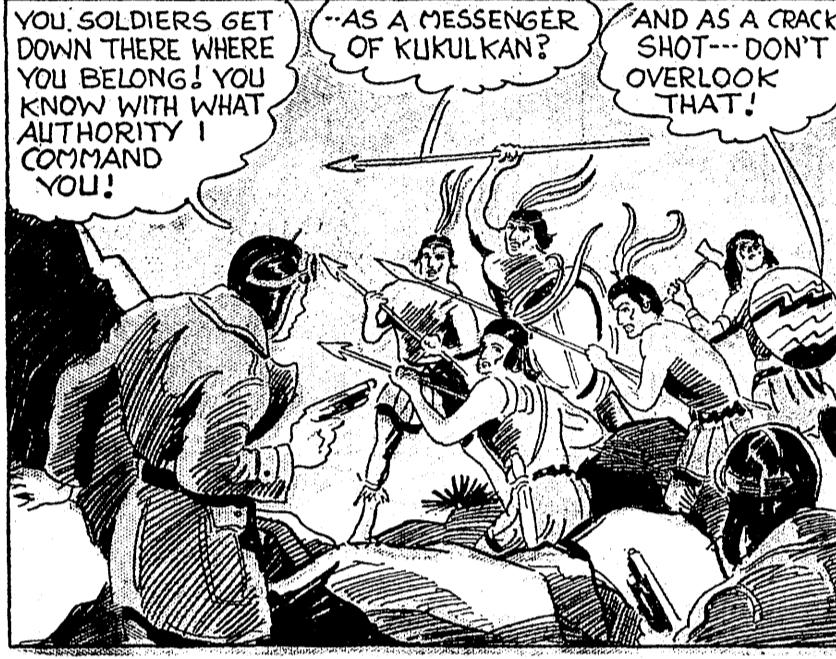
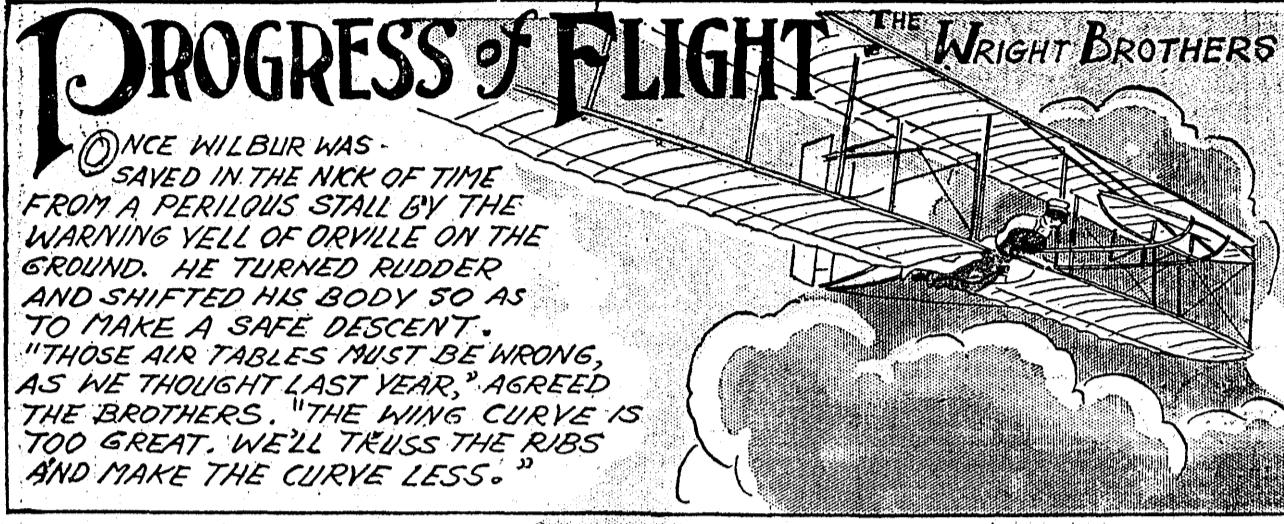
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# Monroe Morning World

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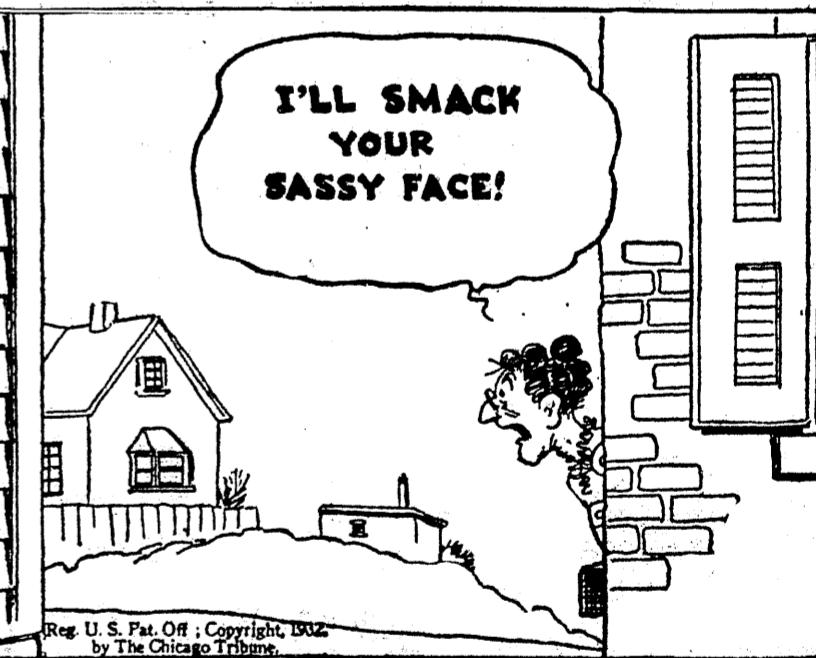
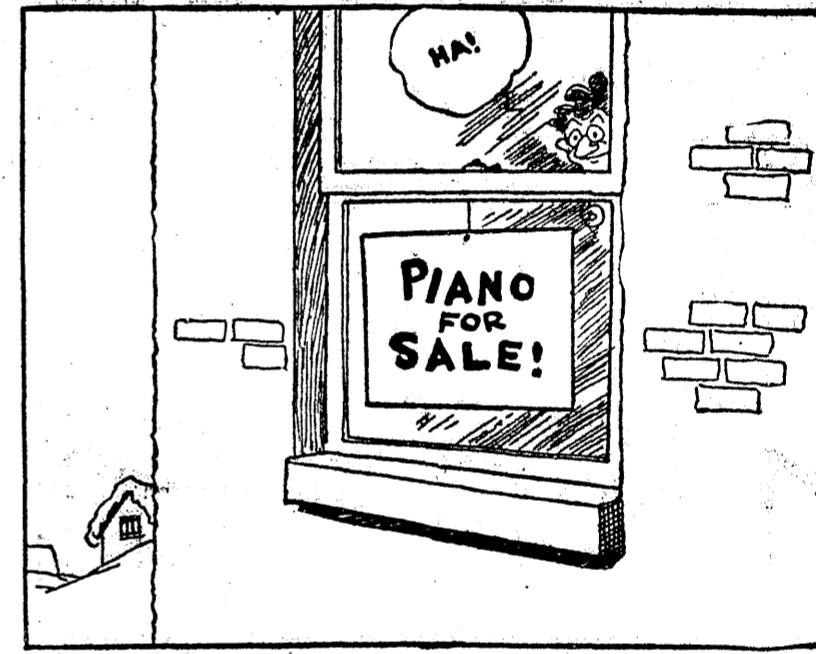
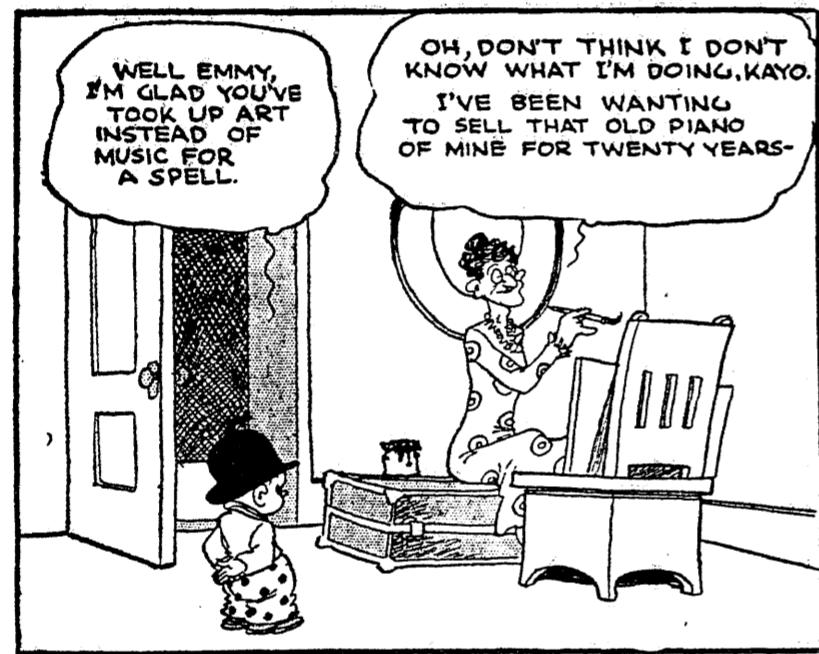
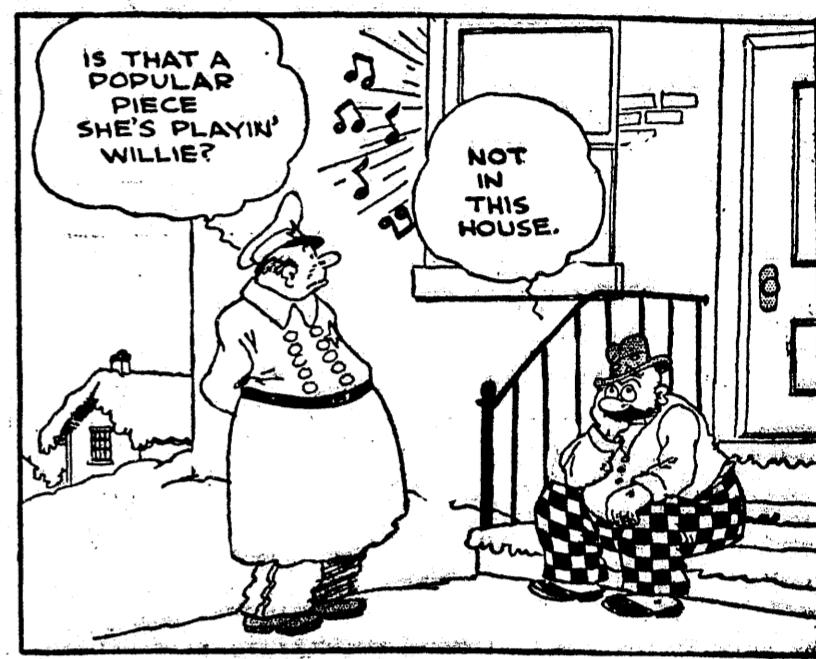
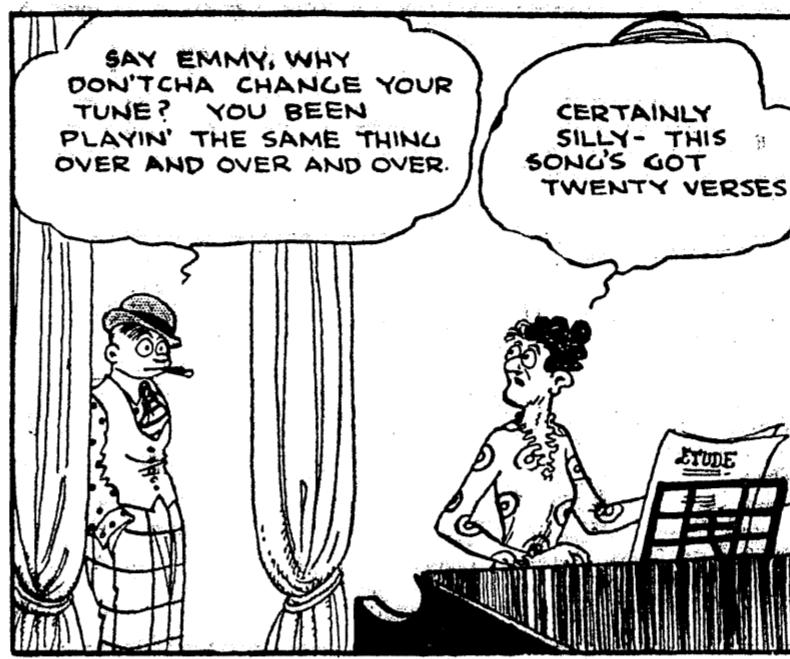
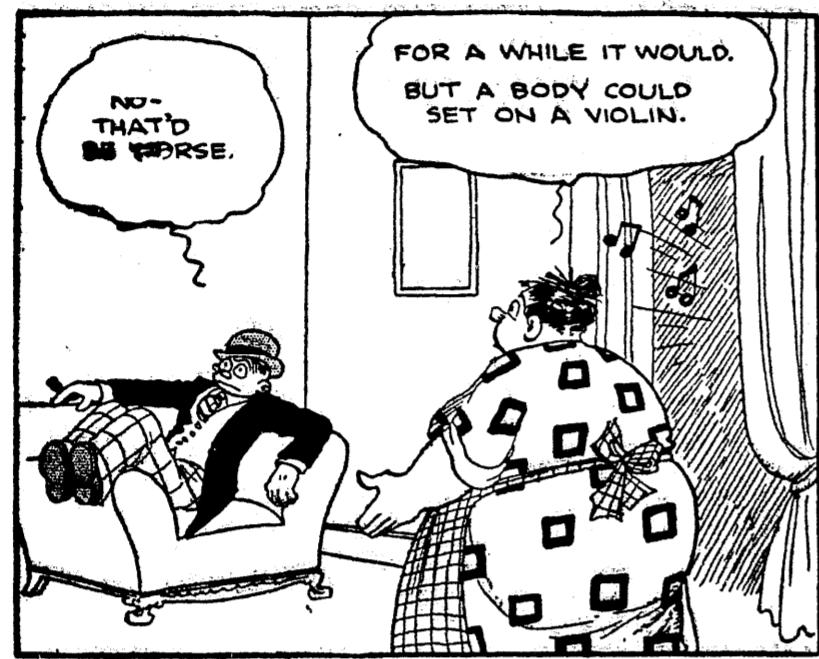
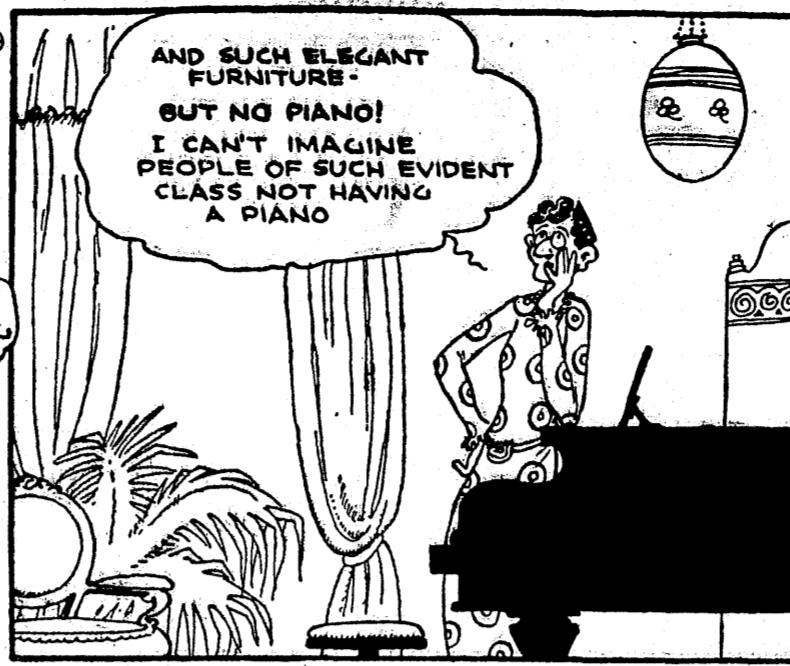
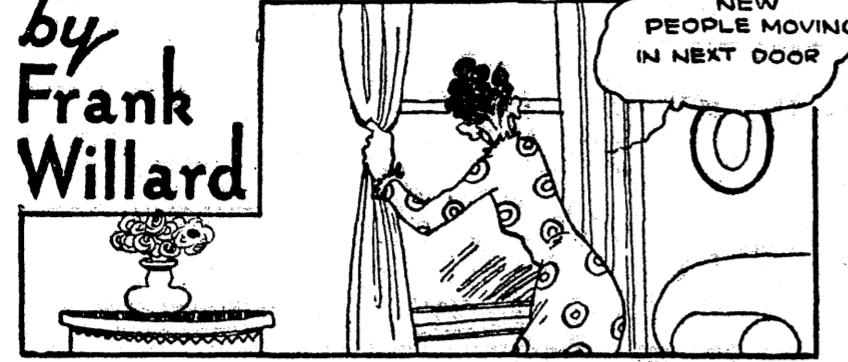
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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1932

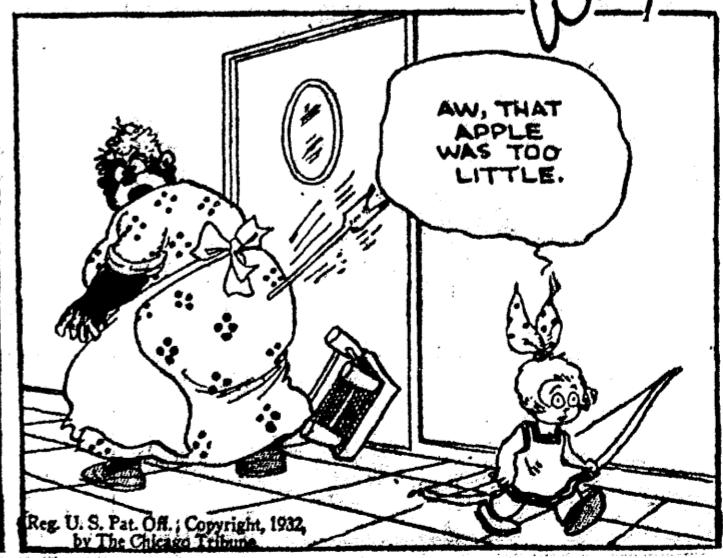
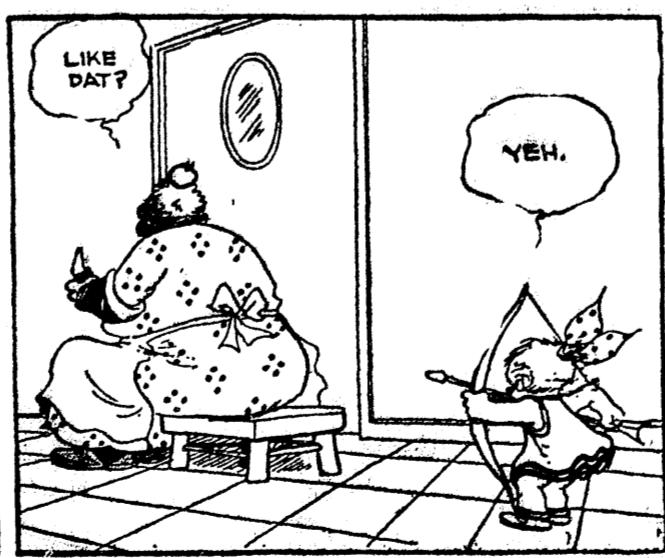
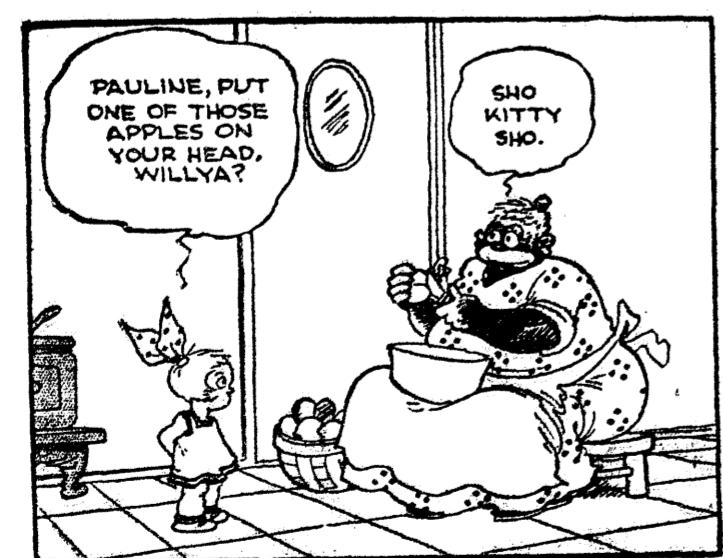


# MOON MULLINS

by  
Frank Willard



KITTY HIGGINS



# Shirley's Millions

By Philip Loring

Toward the Little Dipper  
Steers the Skipper

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1932

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1 SHIRLEY was kidnaped and taken aboard a yacht. The yacht blew up, and Shirley was washed ashore. A tropical island. Ancient castles. But it was just the spot Joan and her crowd had picked out for their party, so—"Well, well", says Shirley, "a girl might as well treat herself to some Caribbean romance!"

2 WELL, now, this was sudden—but you can explain lots under a tropical moon. That nice Southern chap had proposed. "Gee", thought Shirley, "I could almost say 'Yes' Not so much what he said—but HOW he said it!"

3 IN the morning—steaming homeward, and sitting up by the wheel with Joan. "Shirley", says Joan, "what are all these rumors that you're an heiress? People were saying that's why you were kidnaped". "I may as well shrug my shoulders", says Shirley, "It's news to me". How many miles away is John Scotworth, Esq., with tidings of her legacy?

(To be Continued)



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# Tragedy of the Preacher "Possessed of an Evil Spirit"

How a Coroner's Jury Explains\* the Fantastic Jekyll-Hyde Career of Vicar Woollett  
Who Blessed His Congregation, Anathematized His Family and Then Turned on the Gas.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

LONDON.

WHEN the Rev. F. W. C. Woollett, vicar of St. Thomas Church, Leesfield, Oldham, England, turned on the gas a short time ago and committed suicide, he revealed a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde existence which shocked all Britain.

In his pulpit, even to the last, Vicar Woollett was the perfect model of piety and Godliness.

In his home, his widow revealed verbally and by documentary evidence at the coroner's inquest, he was a cruel and diabolical villain.

As a consequence, the coroner's jury, after hearing all the evidence in the case, returned the very startling verdict that the vicar at the time of his death was possessed of an evil spirit!

And thus did this clergyman, who at one time had been considered one of the most promising young clerks in Holy Orders of the Church of England, pass into oblivion.

Twenty-four years ago, five years before Woollett was admitted to the

One of the "Diabolically Venomous" Exhibits in the Coroner's Inquest Into the Death by Gas of the Rev. F. W. C. Woollett, 60. His Daughter Had Gone Away From Home to Make Her Own Living. She Had Sent Home Her Photo in a Nurse's Uniform. The Vicar, Who Was "Possessed of an Evil Spirit," Sent It Back to Her This Way.

Then the vicar, after an interval, blew out a gas jet.

The coroner's inquest was the centre of much interest. All of the sessions were widely attended, and the testimony of witnesses was eagerly jotted down by a score of newspapermen.

The coroner, Mr. R. Stuart Rodger, began by saying:

"When I opened this inquiry it was my intention, out of respect for the widow and for the sake of the church of which Mr. Woollett was clerk in Holy Orders, to exclude all documentary and testamentary evidence and only admit such evidence as would justify a verdict as to the cause of death.

"However, the widow's legal adviser considered that, in the interests of the family, part of this cannot be withheld. To this I have agreed. This may be painful to the widow, but I think her suffering has been so great that she is dead to further pain.

The Church, unfortunately, is not left sacrosanct, as she has long since lost her hold over the masses, to her own spiritual character to the warden.

The crazed clergyman's next gesture was directed against Peggy, his daughter. She wanted to make her own living. Vicar Woollett would neither give nor deny permission. The girl, with the permission of her mother, went into training to become a nurse. As soon as she had a photograph taken, she sent some copies home.

A few days later Peggy received one of the photos back. It had been torn and mutilated and pasted on a sheet of paper. On it was written a message in her father's hand.

It read:

"This is the symbol of the eternal break. If you seek ever to see me I shall forbid you to the house. I lay upon you a punishment which will live with you till your last hours. No happiness shall you again know in life. No true love shall enter it, and if you have children they shall be a curse to you. Because of your callous wickedness and callousness these things shall fall upon you."

On New Year's Day, 1931, after one of his rare periods of good nature, the vicar came down the stairs of their home smiling to greet his wife.

She said: "Good morning—happy new year."

He answered: "God's curse be on you."

About a month and a half later the vicar visited a physician, Dr. Sproul, for a consultation about the feasibility of committing suicide.

After this, Mrs. Woollett, who had shown almost phenomenal patience throughout, decided that she could stand it no longer. Both of the children had long since left home. She left, too.

The vicar's smiles disarmed the churchwarden, who had accompanied the lad to make explanations. But after the warden had left, the evil spirit came out of hiding. Woollett hit

A Photograph of  
Mrs. F. C. W.  
Woollett. Last  
New Year's Day She Said to Her Clergy-  
man-Husband, "Happy New Year." He  
Answered, "God's Curse Be on You."

priesthood, he met his future wife, wood and won her. He was a handsome young student; she a very young girl of exceptional beauty.

In the course of time there were two children, a girl, Peggy, and a boy, Arthur.

The Rev. Mr. Woollett progressed in his vocation of preacher. He held curacies at Dalton-Dale, Durham, Leeds and Blackpool. He was a chaplain to the Royal military forces in France from 1915 to 1921.

Then he came home to find his family quite grown up.

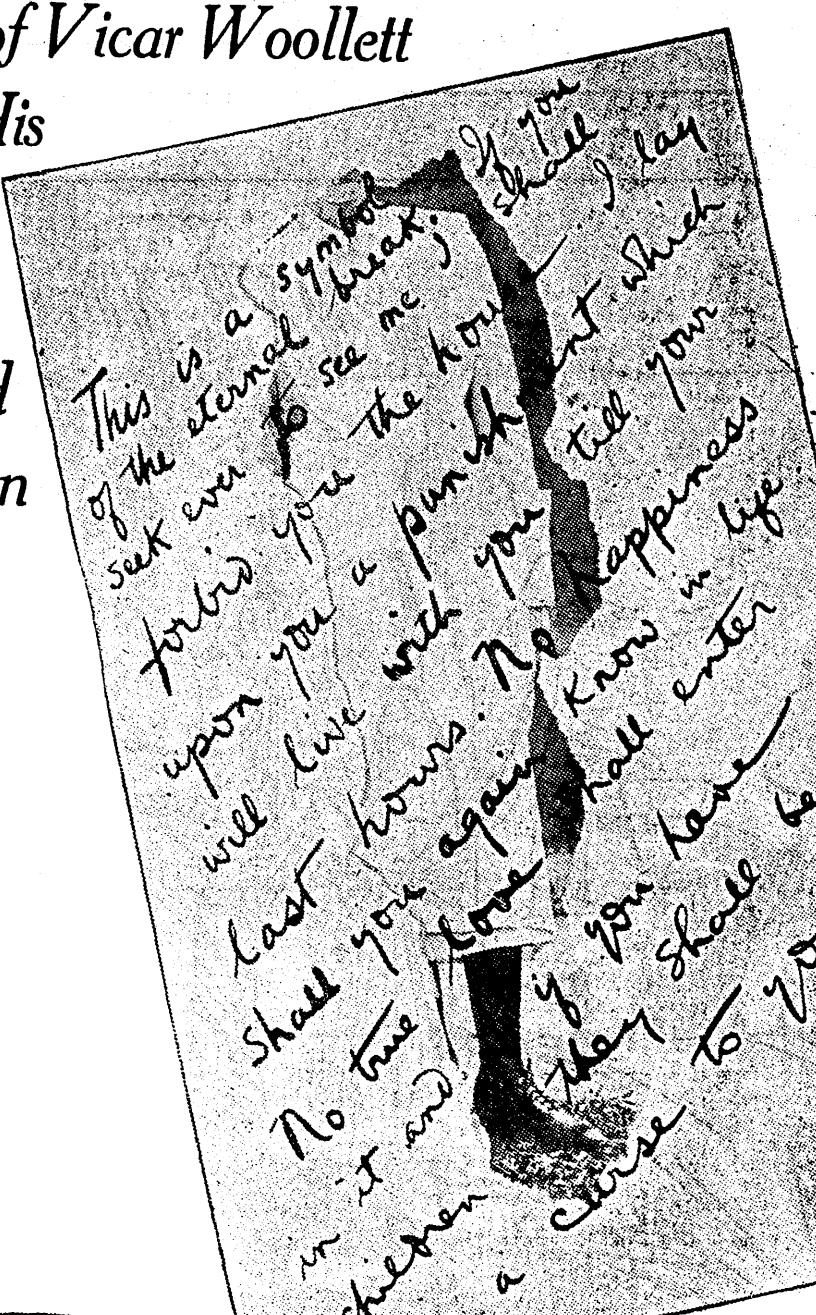
And then his strange conduct began. No word of explanation ever passed from his lips concerning his strange aberrations. He just persisted in them, day in and day out for years.

When the children were just reaching their teens, Rev. Mr. Woollett frequently came home with a far-away look in his eyes and ordered both son and daughter to bed. In spite of pleadings and protests on the part of his wife, the Vicar persisted in keeping them there for long periods on a diet of bread and water.

Besides that he soon developed into an extreme practitioner of the "spare the rod and spoil the child" doctrine, and began to send his offspring to school mornings well thrashed.

When his son, Arthur, was fifteen, he was awarded the King's Scout Medal, the highest decoration possible in British Boy Scouting in spite of the occasion. The vicar had ordered the boy to return home by nine o'clock. The lad, accompanied by the Leesfield churchwarden, dallied until ten-fifteen.

The vicar's smiles disarmed the churchwarden, who had accompanied the lad to make explanations. But after the warden had left, the evil spirit came out of hiding. Woollett hit



POSSSESSED  
OF AN  
EVIL SPIRIT.  
VERDICT ON VICAR  
WHO CURSED HIS  
FAMILY.

In our opinion the deceased  
was possessed of an evil spirit,  
and we are of opinion that at the  
time of his death he was of un-  
sound mind.  
Such was the verdict returned  
by a coroner's jury yesterday  
in an in

Clipping from a  
London Newspaper  
Revealing the Strange Verdict of the  
Coroner's Court in the Suicide of the  
Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde Clergyman of  
Leesfield.

loss. I would fain have spared the parishioners a trial of their faith, though their faith is grounded not on the man, but on the Son of Man."

When the coroner called Mrs. Woollett to the stand he asked her: "You weren't afraid of his cursing, were you?"

The widow answered that she was not. "Then we shall go directly into some of the correspondence in the case,"

Artist's  
Conception  
of the Dual  
Character of the  
Leesham  
Preacher Who  
Preached the  
Gospel of Love  
and Tolerance—and Then Went Home  
to Pronounce a Curse Upon His Family  
and Invoke Unhappiness and Tragedy  
Upon Them for the Duration of Their  
Lives.

said the coroner. "There are many which are too painful for publication. They can be accurately described as diabolically venomous."

Then the following letter was read:

"To Mrs. Woollett, the enclosed letter received this morning. My reply you will be able to note in the daily papers. My will is now deposited at the bank. You will spend the rest of your life on charity. The will is so arranged on my daughter's behalf that nothing can be touched for fifteen years in order that you, a murderer, cannot benefit by it."

This somewhat touching epistle was put into the mail shortly before the suicide.

Shortly before that the vicar had told his wife: "Hell is not deep enough for women like you."

But Attorney Pearson, representing Mrs. Woollett, presented in evidence a letter written in one of the vicar's last rational intervals. He wrote of his wife:

"She is one of God's good women, of unbounded love and sympathy for every one, even in this God-forsaken place where every vice ever invented is welcome."

However, these sentiments were not present when the vicar made his will.

The coroner's jury rendered its verdict that the vicar, at the time of his death, was possessed of an evil spirit and had been of unsound mind.

Then the widow went back to the vicarage.

It was a scene of intense sadness a few weeks later that greeted antique buyers and curiosity seekers from London and elsewhere who crowded to the old vicarage to the auction—the auction of the household goods, furniture, books, objects d'art, antiques and the old Sheffield plate of the Woollett family.

It was a scene which would seemingly have aroused the pity and sincere sympathy of any group of neighbors.

There was evidence that those who had known the widow and the children for some time did feel sorry for them. There was evidence also, though, that others who came to the scene of Vicar Woollett's mental aberrations were out solely for their own benefit. But after all, it was just another auction.

The vicarage was open early on a Wednesday morning. Within fifteen minutes it was crowded. Buyers from the city mingled with old men and women from the village, while the square outside the house was packed with luxurious motorcars. The sale had been well publicized.

On the stairs, in mourning, sat Mrs. Woollett with her daughter, Peggy. She looked tired and weary.

"I went with him to buy practically every book in that library," she sobbed. "She didn't need to say more. It was evident that her house of treasures was being shattered before her eyes. By the terms of the will there was nothing she could do about it."

Whenever the disconsolate widow passed through the crowd someone would whisper, "There's Mrs. Woollett."

Several women tried to climb the stairs and visit the bedroom, but the damp-eyed and dejected lady who had been the vicar's loving wife for a quarter-century turned them back.

Beautiful pieces of Sheffield Plate went for trifling sums. Mrs. Woollett seemed not to care.

Treasured books dealing with religion sold for as little as sixpence and less, but the widow said nothing.

One by one the objects were bought up by indifferent bidders.

A Sheraton Act of Parliament clock by Henry Mann of Norwich, constructed in 1700 and still keeping good time, went for a low figure.

A quaint old piece of Staffordshire pottery, an impression of Franklin, marked "George Washington" by error, went for a song. Only a few of these were issued before the error was discovered, so it was an antique of great rarity.

But although the estimated value of the art treasures was approximately ten thousand dollars, they netted only one fifth of that sum.

All because the Rev. F. W. C. Woollett, vicar of Leesfield, was "possessed of an evil spirit."

The case was widely discussed in London. James Douglas, noted British writer, commented:

"The man was judged by a coroner's jury to be possessed of an evil entity. Well, in these days we do not believe in demonology. There is no such person, we say, as the Devil. Satan is a myth. As we do not believe in the supreme Devil, we find it hard to believe in sub-devils or evil spirits."

"Some light is thrown on the mystery of dual personality, or multiple personality, or possession, by the behavior of trance mediums under control. Whether the mediums are possessed by multiple personalities or devils I do not know. Some of the phenomena may be pure fakes."

"Whether the personalities are devils or impersonations it is impossible to determine. There is a good deal of evidence to support the theory of induced possession."

"The early Christians believed in possession by devils. Jesus believed in devils and cast them out. The modernists explain the devils away. They diagnose the case described in Mark IX as epilepsy. 'He fell on the ground and writhed foaming.' Jesus, we are told, cured the epileptic by hypnotic suggestion."

The "Evil Spirit" Vicar, As He Looked Shortly Before His Death. The Coroner's Verdict Revealed That He Was a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

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# GREEN HELL - By JULIAN DUGUID

*One of Four Men Who Walked With Death  
Through the Mysterious Bolivian Inferno.*

**Ambushed by Savages and Trailed by  
Vultures, the Men Prepare for  
a Stiff Fight**

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**CHAPTER XXI.**

**A**T our first halt we overtook the Republican mail for the province of Santa Cruz. It lay on a pile of saddletry in a weather-stained canvas bag, and the romance of travel exalted the chipped seals. The postman was an Indian, short and yellow and wiry, with a crop of cat's whiskers on his chin. His cheek bones were high, and his eyes ran away at the corners to such a marked degree that it seemed as though in distant centuries South America had been a suburb of China. He was a courageous little man, cheerful and fatalistic, with an almost animal delight in the sensations of the moment. As he lounged against his saddle, his stomach full and satisfied, he had clearly forgotten the heat of the day and had given no thought to the dangers of the morrow. A maize-leaf cigarette, tucked neatly in at the ends, hung between his lips, and a haze of smoke encompassed his face. A living image of Buddha, enjoying incense. After dinner I went across to him and he arose with the courtesy of a Hidalgo to offer me his seat. We sat down together, and my Spanish being adequate by now, I asked him discreetly of his profession.

"The postman's life isn't what it was, *senor*," he said sadly. "Years ago I could go to sleep at Puerto Saurez and wake up in time to deliver the Brazilian mail at Santa Cruz, my mule was so intelligent; but now those sons of Satan, the Toba Indians, have left the Chaco to prey upon this road."

"Have they ever attacked you?"

"Once they made fun of me," he admitted; "of me, the Republican postman! It happened ten leagues from here in a round, bare patch of land with a water-hole in one corner. As I rode along, half dozing in the saddle, for it was hot, my mule nearly rubbed me off against a wigwam of green poles, which had certainly not been there on my last journey. The place intrigued me, and I dismounted, hoping to find a reason for so strange an erection, and, suddenly, I was surrounded. One moment the clearing was empty, the next I was in the center of a circle of grinning savages. *Dios mio, senor*, how I sweated! Scores of naked men with matted hair to their shoulders, nude women with slim figures and pig-tails, crowded out of the forest and jabbered at me. They waved their rough weapons and dug me in the ribs, punched me behind and squawked with laughter when I jumped. I made sure I was bound for the cock-pit. Luckily, however, they were in a good temper and contented themselves with tearing up the letters and scattering the paper as monkeys do. Then they pushed me on to my mule and sent me away at a gallop."

"Are they always as peaceful as that?" I asked pointedly.

"He sat up with a jerk.

"Did you never hear what happened to that muleteer from Cochabamba?"

"No."

"Well, they killed his mules and stole his merchandise, left him dead in the road, and took his wife and daughters into the forest. A punitive expedition. *Senor*, it is impossible. The forest extends for hundreds of miles, and no man can see ten yards in front of him. These Indians grease their bodies and slip between the trees where clothes would tear. Their skins are as tough as a tiger's hide, and their feet are inured to the thorns. An army would get lost in an attempt to round up three hundred *Tobas*."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Sometimes, *senor*, when my belly is empty; but you see I never shoot at them. The pay is good, and my wife and children have large mouths. Besides, the beggars know me. Time and again I see them grinning from the shadow of the forest, but I never hurry and they never disturb me. Of course, there is always the chance that I shall meet them on a bad day."

"And then?"

The postman smiled.

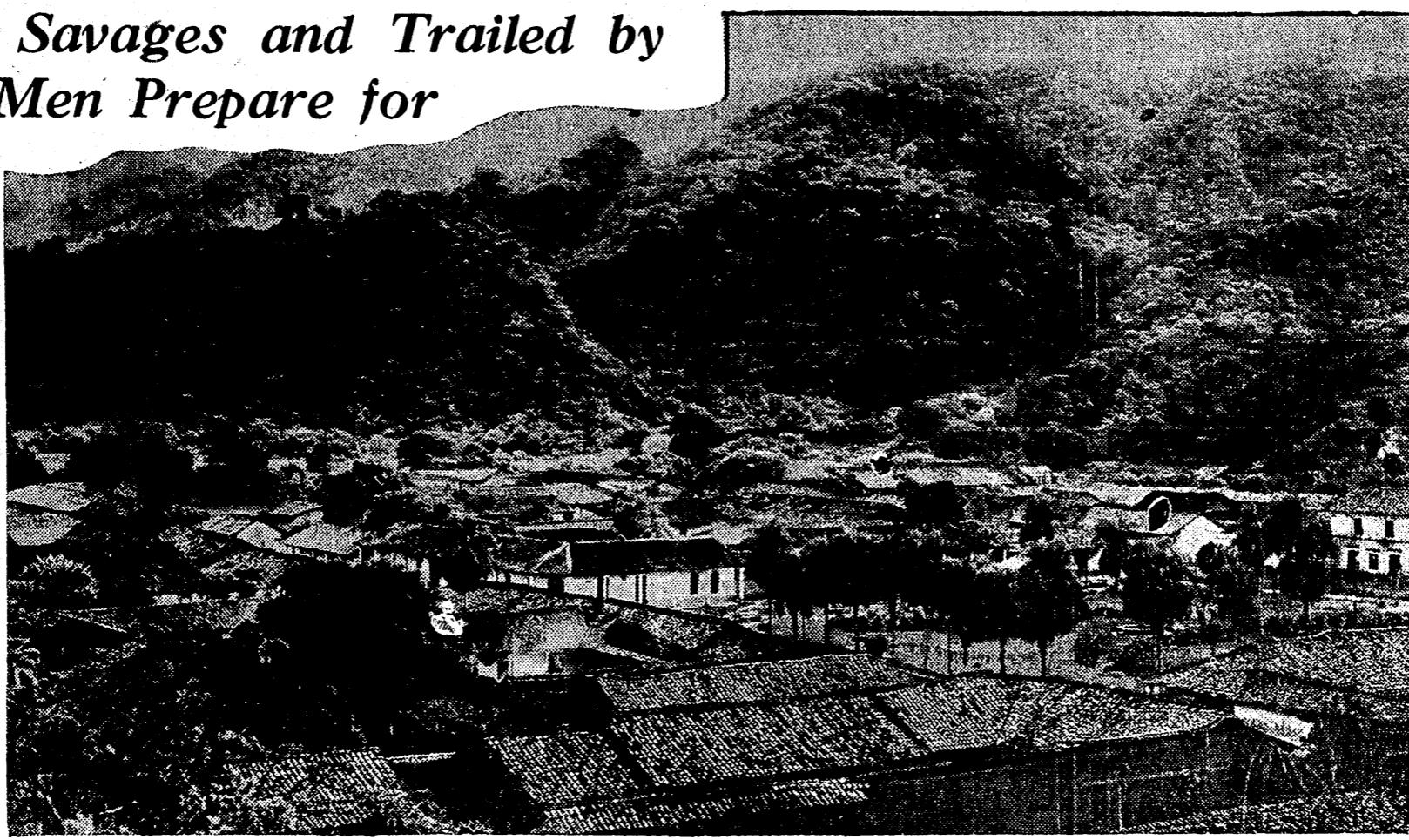
"I think they would be sorry — afterwards."

"They may be angry tomorrow. Won't you ride with us?"

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," said the little man softly, "but you have to keep in touch with your ox-wagons, and people grow impatient for their letters."

He was gone before dawn, and I never saw him again.

At the next camping ground, a sandy clearing in the midst of jungle, we found two caravans. One was commanded by a sporting old lady, weather-beaten to the color of a Malaga figure, who, with her two sons, was plotting a mule train to Cochabamba. In addition, she had an eight-bullock ox-cart filled to the roof with woolen goods from Manchester. Her elder son was seventeen, grave and responsible beyond his years on account of his father's death, and the younger — as a jolly little urchin, an excellent rider, aged nine. The second caravan was also owned by a family from Cochabamba, birthplace of the most famous muleteers in South America. By dint of using the stars as a ceiling for themselves and their families, they reduce their expenses to a minimum and defy competition. The wife of this man had just given birth to a boy by the wayside, and the party was encamped for a day of two to give the mother strength. Urrio, with his usual



**The Primitive Bolivian Village of Lagunillas in the Heart of the South American Oil District Where the Exploring Party Got Sleep and Water After Days and Weeks in the Jungle**

**With Very Little of Either.**

in Matto Grosso, and it never occurred to us to question his command. Gone was the easy, charming philosopher of the camp-fire, gone too, the laughter from his eyes. He sat erect, composed, intently alert and alive, his phenomenal hearing stretched to the uttermost. His hat was cocked at an aggressive angle and there was an atmosphere of terrific mental power in the set of his body. Without moving he managed to convey the impression that he was absolute master of whatever might occur. Wherefore it was with a rising thrill that I saw him laying his rifle across the saddle-bow and snap down the safety catch. Suddenly a curious feeling came over me. I was riding last in the line, and it seemed as if something were burning a hole in the back of my shirt. I scratched it absently with a twig, but the sensation persisted, and I turned in the saddle. There fifty yards behind, were a number of savages, stark naked, stalking us. They ran from tree to tree, furiously peering round trunks and retreating into the underbrush, and it was the concentrated gaze of their eyes that had caused me to look round. I had a glimpse of fierce, dark faces with tangled hair to their shoulders, and then abruptly they vanished.

"Hey, Tiger-Man," I called. "Got any missionaries?"

"Rifle loaded?" he asked, ignoring the sally.

"Yes."

"Pistol cocked and easy to draw?"

"Yes."

"Well, be ready. Don't do anything unless they attack. They may be just curious, but don't hesitate if they try to surround us."

Half an hour passed. From time to time we turned, conscious that the numbers of our pursuers were increasing, but they were nervous and kept to the shadow of the trees. In spite of their reputation we refrained from shooting, chiefly because of the cold fairness of Tiger-Man's brain. During that afternoon it would have been easy to kill half a dozen, but as he pointed out, they had done us no harm and the stories of their cruelty were purely second-hand.

Presently, round a sharp bend in the road we came upon the place mentioned by the postman. It was large and bare and circular, and yellow sand had been beaten flat by hundreds of naked feet. In the furthest corner was a tall wigwam of green poles, joined together at the top by a leather thong. And the outlet to Santa Cruz was blocked by a low hedge of thorns. With a cry of surprise Adolfo began to dismantle.

"Stay where you are," I said sharply and repeated the postman's tale to Tiger-Man.

He looked at the wigwam reflectively. "It is not a dwelling," he said, "and I don't think it is a scaffolding for meat. Probably they put it there to arouse interest and make people get off to examine it."

He drew his pistol.

"These thorns," he added, "are quite new. You can see the wheel marks of that old lady's wagon, and they don't pierce the hedge. I hope they have not attacked her."

Once again I experienced that uncomfortable feeling in the back of my neck. It seemed as though hundreds of eyes were observing us, saving us up, as it were, for a great occasion.

I turned quickly and cantered my mule across the clearing, and round the corner so as to get a clear view of the road. Thirty yards away a frightened figure, slim and glistening as if it had been oiled, ran madly toward the trees. A single plait of coarse black hair flapped against its buttocks, and it gave voice to a little cry. There was a certain wild grace in the freedom of the movements and the rippling muscles of the back, and certain virginity in the litheness of the poise. So

must have Atalanta looked round, and I regretted I had no mirror to drop. I had scarcely a second in which to admire it, and then, like an arrow, quite silently it sped into the forest. Further down the road a gleam of sunlight caught my eyes. It was reflected apparently from the back of a huge red and black tortoise which trundled across the open space. In an instant a dark, nude shape broke cover, scooped the animal under its arm and sprang back. I had a sight of long hair, matted and shaking, and straightway the scene was empty as before. I blinked and returned to my companions.

"I have just seen a native woman," I told them, "running like a deer."

"What did you expect her to do?" asked Bee-Mason rudely, "kiss you?"

"Give her time," said Urrio, grinning. "They are often coy at first."

We jumped our mules through the thorn hedge and followed the wheel tracks of the ox-wagon. For a full hour we rode, uneventfully, listening to the silence and gazing at the tangled mass of underbrush that lined the blazing canyon of trees. The postman had been right. Overwhelmingly right. No army could hope to exterminate a tribe whose confines were Green Hell itself, hundreds of miles of pathless jungle, dry as a bone and cluttered up with vegetation. Even a squadron of aeroplanes would be useless, for in that country the range of a bomb would be limited to a few yards. So did we muse in the flaming heat of that December afternoon.

Suddenly Tiger-Man reined in his mule and leaned forward in the saddle. His attitude was alert and aggressive, with more than a threat of danger, and we shaded our eyes with our hands. The road was quite straight, mile upon mile of yellow ribbon stretching to the skyline, and a quarter of a mile away a strange blot was evident on the left-hand side. We approached with caution, and as we drew near something detached itself from the ground and flapped up into a tree. Another followed and yet a third, the air resounded with the leathery beat of wings, until the branches were covered with the black and white forms of vultures. They sat in gloom silence, angry but impotent, deprived of a meal that we could not see. We dug our spurs into our mounts and cantered up to the scene of carnage. Then it was that we encountered a sight that changed us from ordinary human beings into furious and revengeful men.

Two of the old lady's bullocks lay heaped together in a ditch, and the manner of their passing raised a lump in our throats depriving us of speech.

At first we thought that one of them was alive, so peaceful was its expression, so natural the poise of its black head; but a second glance convinced us that it was as lifeless as its mate.

They had not been dead an hour, the bodies were still warm, and the vultures had not been able to secure more than a hasty peck. As we sat on our mules and look down at the wreckage, vast pity filled us, and there came into our hearts the same reverent heaviness that accompanies the death of a friend, for these animals had suffered the agonies of hell, and their patient faces cried aloud for vengeance.

Their backs were a sea of blood, clotted and sticky where the hides had been wrenched from the living flesh.

Great flaps of skin hung backward from the wounds, the horns had been splintered and smashed by terrific blows from wooden clubs. Spears had been thrust into the intestines which lay looped about the hooves, and a number of broken bows stuck out from the haunches of the smaller beast.

"That settles it," he snapped. "We shoot at sight. If they attack us our fate will be the same; but it will last longer."

He dismounted quickly and poked about on the ground, reading us the

story as it was written in the sand. "See here," he pointed to a score of naked footprints, "the devils sprang out from the trees and unyoked the first pair of oxen. They were so busy mincing them that they forgot the others, and that sporting old lady whipped her team into a gallop. I hope she was not caught."

"Can we help her?" asked Urrio.

"No. It is an hour since this happened, and they are either safe or dead. Nothing else is possible in this kind of warfare."

He placed his foot in the stirrup and swung himself up.

"I won't blink matters," he said. "From now on our lives are in danger. A hundred Indians could lie within three yards of the road and we should be none the wiser till they charged. We must go back to our last camp and wait for our wagons."

He wheeled abruptly and set back up the trail. Bee-Mason followed him, and so, tail to head, we rode, with scarcely twenty yards between front and rear. Before we had covered fifty paces, a hollow bump sounded behind us. We turned and saw the vultures dropping one by one, gradually from the branches. We quickened our march.

Outwardly it was a sober little party that trotted back on its own hoof marks. Each one of us had his mask on, unwilling to show feeling, and it was only when I looked round and caught the flame in Urrio's eyes that I realized I was not alone in my excitement. He saw at once that I had not surprised his thoughts, and his face grew bright.

"What price an officer now?" he gloated. "How do you feel?"

"I'd give 20 pounds to see an Indian over my sights. Those bullocks haunt me."

"The same here," he said. "I should have preferred the body of a man."

We soon perceived that our keenest enemy was not the savages but the sun, which had long since passed its height, and was slowly slipping down the sky.

We reckoned we were twelve miles from safety, and a bare two hours of daylight lay between us and the horrors of a night attack. Now this meant an average of two leagues an hour, or double our normal speed, and although it would have been simple enough to have flogged the animals we were anxious to avoid any semblance of flight. For we knew that the smallest trace of fear would bring the Indians upon us like wasps round a honey jar. It was a situation which called for an extremely nice judgment of pace.

"Hullo," said Tiger-Man after a while. They have been tracking us.

There, in the loose sand were eight pairs of naked footprints pointing to Santa Cruz. We could distinctly see the place where natives had halted, caught wind of our return, and faced about; and we guessed that they were now in front of us; some way ahead.

From time to time we looked over our shoulders and saw a number of black heads peering from behind trees, but they were too wily to give us a clear shot. In this way we came back to the wigwam, and if anything seemed sinister and forbidding in the light of our discovery that curious erection did.

Once again the corner of the road provided an encounter. We were scarcely round it before Tiger-Man's rifle was at his shoulder and the echoes were roaring through Green Hell. I didn't see the preliminaries, but when I looked a dark body was lying in the fairway 150 yards distant. It was swaying from side to side, holding its leg, whimpering. Suddenly the whole roadway was alive with men. They picked their comrade off the ground, and before Tiger-Man could re-load were safe in the forest. For sheer speed of movement I have never seen anything like it.

We now realized from a number of significant signs that we were caught in a movable trap. In front the footprints continued unbroken; behind we caught glimpses of our foes and from either side came a succession of noises which aroused in me feelings more acute than anything I have obtained by reading Rider Haggard at night. I am well used to the danger-signals of

the country-side. When I was a boy I spent my holidays alone in the woods, and it was my particular pleasure to piece together the chronicle of the thickets from the voices of birds and animals. It was not long before I came to know when a jay was reprimanding his wife and when he was abusing a fox; when a rabbit was caught in a snare and when by a stoat; and one evening, having heard something peculiar in the roosting note of a cock pheasant, I had the supreme satisfaction of finding my doubts proved in the presence of a poacher.

Wherefore it was not difficult for me to translate the movements of our enemies. An atmosphere of perturbation and unrest overhung the forest like a cloud — such an atmosphere as occurs in an English wood when a fox is at large. A parrot screamed out of the trees on our right, high and wide, shrieking obscenities. A small brown deer broke cover on the left, entered the underbrush on the other side, and, finding that occupied as well, fled for its life down the yellow pathway. Twigs cracked, voices murmured in low, guttural accents, and all the while the sounds kept pace with us. Once a jungle cock gave its clear musical bugle call, but it was just thought too harsh, and I knew that it came from a human throat. A great company of vultures swept hopefully above our heads.

It is a curious sensation, not by any means unpleasant, being inclosed in a hostile land. Civilized trappings fall unwept and forgotten. Fierce little shivers pass through one's body, and there is a wild exaltation of spirit which asks for nothing better than a good stern fight. In such a case comradeship is tangible, the living essence which binds one to one's fellows and makes one swear by all one's gods that there shall be no betrayal. Fear is impossible, for the whole scene is so packed with interest that there is no time to be afraid. Once or twice at least in a man's lifetime it is well that he should find himself in a position where no amount of rate-paying will produce a policeman. I began to reckon on our chances.

South of the main stream of the Amazon savages do not use poison on their weapons. Why this is I do not know, but it may be taken for a fact.

The *Tobas* were armed with bows and arrows four times barbed and fatal to withdraw from a body wound, but the thickness of the forest made in unlikely that they would shoot before we saw them. In addition they carried heavy wooden clubs, deadly enough at short range, but only useful after our guns had ceased to fire. Of steel they had none. Each of us had a pistol with seven shots in the magazine, and our servants had a double-barrelled shotgun apiece. Altogether, counting our rifles, I fancied that we could kill thirty-five of them before being reduced to hoots and fists. All of which stood on the credit side of our balance. I am bound to say the debit columns were well filled.

As time went by the Indians ceased to whisper, and a rising clamor encompassed us like a wall. I judged by the racket that there were close on two hundred men on each side of the road, and I thanked my stars that we were not in an open place where they could take heart from the visible signs of their superiority. Their cries which echoed across our heads had lost the furtive note and ever gained in confidence as the afternoon wore on.

Morally they were certain to attack us. They had never encountered a well-armed party of desperate men, and they had long since passed the stage when the mere sound of firing appalled them. The real question in our minds was whether they would have the courage to withstand that first devastating hail of lead. If they could weather that storm we were as good as beaten.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking fast and we were still some way from camp. So we pricked our animals and broke into a trot. Now the savages were at least fifty yards from the road, and since the density of the forest prevented them from seeing any difference in our gait they must have heard it. At any rate they decided that we were running away. Instantly the cries of the leaders grew louder, and I realized that the spear-points, so to speak, of the parallel Indian files were turning towards the path. A simple calculation convinced me that they would converge upon the road within the next quarter of a mile. Tiger-Man thought likewise and spoke without turning.

"They are preparing an ambush," he said. "Fire for their stomachs when they charge."

His voice was cold and steady, without trace of fear.

A lesser man might have attempted a few words of encouragement, especially to the servants, but he showed from his manner that he trusted us absolutely. Indeed, I believed that at that moment we needed no encouragement. Our minds were inflamed by our memories of those tortured bullocks, and we desired nothing so much as the sight of black bodies kicking in the dust. At the same time, though I was not afraid, I could not trust myself to speak. I was trembling with excitement, and my voice would most certainly have quavered. We halted a hundred yards short of where the natives were massing and, for a second, the gravity lifted from Tiger-Man's face. He smiled cheerfully at me.

"They are preparing an ambush," he said. "Fire for their stomachs when they charge."

"What about it?"

**(To Be Continued)**

# What the Rum Demon Did to This Ten-Ton Circus Star

The "Horrible Example" of Rampaging Tusko, Once the Pride of a Big-Top Circus and Now Just a Ten Cent Exhibit in an Old Boiler Factory



Tusko Was the Chief Attraction in a Big Circus Until He Strayed One Day and Partook of Fifty Gallons of Moonshine Mash. Then—Look at Picture on Right.

If only he had never taken his first drink!

That's an old, old plaint, as ancient perhaps as the history of civilization—but the moral involved was never illustrated more strikingly than in the case of that ten-ton pachyderm, Tusko.

Tusko is a fine-looking elephant. He is just thirty-six years old and stands twelve feet two in his bare feet. He was captured in Siam at the age of six and shipped to New York.

His early life was uneventful. Growing up playfully in the quiet environment of various zoological gardens, he had little chance to go wrong. His adolescent training left little to be desired.

Early in 1922, at the age of 26, Tusko was bought by the Al G. Barnes Circus. He was immediately billed as "the \$100,000 elephant, the largest in captivity." Perhaps he was too young for the temptations of circus life. Then again, perhaps not.

At any rate, about four years ago, when the circus was showing in Sedro-Wooley, a small mill-town in the State of Washington, Tusko saw a chance to slip away from his trainers for a stroll through the countryside—and just walked away.

This was, understand, his first unescorted walk since his childhood days in Siam.

If he had been a small elephant, he probably would have walked around objects he found in his path.

But being a ten-tonner, such objects as parked cars, shrubbery, baby-buggies, fruit stands and the like meant nothing to him. He stepped over these



Tusko, Uproariously Drunk, Pulled Trees Up by the Roots and Committed Other Great Mischief. Result: He Lives Now in the Old Boiler Works Shown Above, Where He Is on Exhibition for Ten Cents Admission.

objects whenever expedient, and when not he just swished them aside with his trunk.

He didn't have to worry about the populace. They scattered. And even when Tusko reached country lanes and quickened his pace, the men, women and children of Sedro-Wooley took definite steps to get out of his path.

Soon he was in lumberjack country. Grand! Here again Tusko sensed the great outdoors. He raised his trunk in the air and sniffed.

What was the fascinating odor which was wafted on the zephyrs?



One of Tusko's Old Tricks Before He Acquired a Fondness for Liquor and Lost His Job in the Circus.

about. Tusko's only concession to his following was a blink of the eyes and a flap of his massive ears.

It was soon apparent that the crowd was out to enjoy the show rather than to bid. Only one—Mr. L. W. Wolfe, representative of a fertilizer company in Eugene, Oregon, would offer anything. Tusko, dead, could be ground into a lot of fertilizer.

But the people of Salem had to much conscience for that.

Offers for donations of food began to come in. There was ever subscription to send him back to his native Siam. On November 5, Harry Plant, a promoter, bought Tusko as a dubious investment. A few days later the two trainers who had cared for Tusko since his circus days, scraped together \$200 and bought him from Plant.

Then they brought him to Portland. Chained to a huge trailer drawn by a truck, Tusko made the 52-mile trip along the Pacific Highway, to the amusement of thousands gathered along the road.

He arrived in Portland cold and cranky and was led to his ramshackle, corrugated iron lodging along the waterfront. It had once been a boiler works. His trainer put up a stove to give them some warmth. Four or five big fire would have been necessary. Tusko's eyes were bloodshot and his disposition awful. With every blast of wind which came in through the crevices he shivered. His trainers knew what he needed. From a medical source he acquired ten gallons of moonshine. After imbibing, Tusko slapped his trunk around gleefully and wildly, dance playfully, and ate.

It would be pleasant to relate that Tusko lived happily ever after, and continued gently to delight young and old with his playful capers.

But no! On Christmas Day he wanted his liquor. What, no liquor!

He stamped his feet. Still no liquor! Tusko's eyes blazed. He wrenches his front feet loose from the heavy steel chains which bound him—an hurled his bulk against a wall of the building, sending timbers flying. He then proceeded to demolish the whole side of the structure and pushed through to the outdoors. Of course he was soon recaptured.

Today, even at the low admission price of ten cents for adults, five cent for school children, babies in arm free, Tusko, the once high and mighty trained pachyderm, is no longer the attraction he was in his big circus days when he could do a balancing act over two Indian clubs and dance the polka to the tune of a circus band.

So his owners are pondering over that proposition the fertilizer concern once made to buy Tusko at a few cent per pound.

And all because a frisky young elephant was once rash enough to take to drink.



Entrance of the Ramshackle Building Which Tusko Partially Demolished When Hard Liquor Was Denied Him Christmas Day. The Man in the Picture Is Bernard "Sleepy" Gray, One of Tusko's Keepers.

motor and carnival man. The price—only \$1,500.

When Tusko awoke the following day with his first hangover, he found that the circus in which he had been the leading attraction had moved on without him. Tusko the Great had been reduced to the status of a sideshow elephant.

For three years the Painter carnival, with Tusko, toured the small towns of the State of Washington. Men, women and children came to see the big fellow at ten cents an admission.

Last Summer he was taken to Seattle and exhibited in an amusement park there. However, what with hard times and one thing and another, stories started to appear in the papers about accumulated bills for food and transportation. When the Oregon State Fair opened in September at Salem, Painter sent Tusko there with two keepers in charge.

Tusko was one of the most popular attractions at the fair, but, even so, failed to earn his keep.

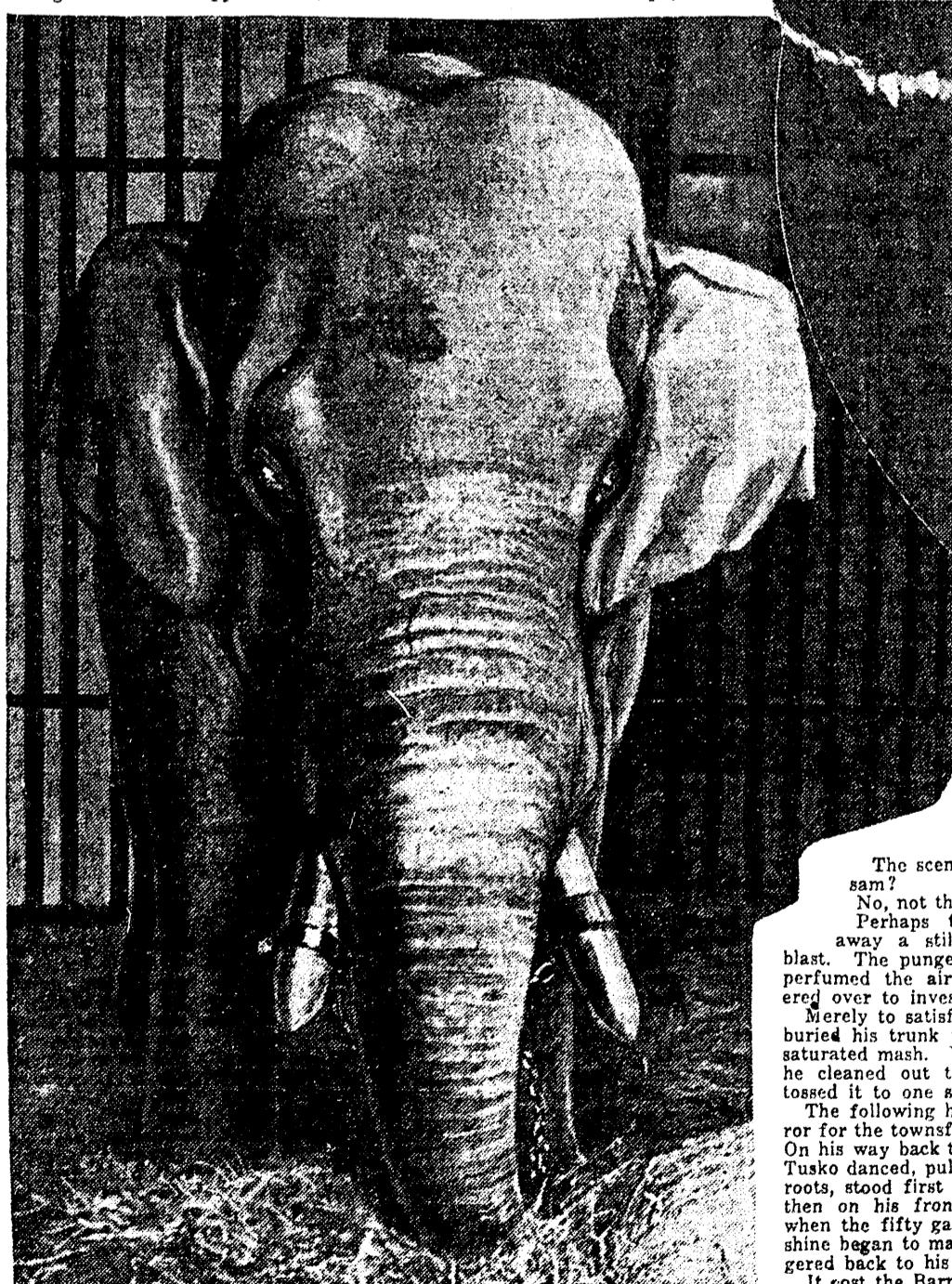
Anyway, after the show, Max Geldhar, manager of the fair, found himself in custody of Tusko. After a few days, he found out it was no joke.

He offered Tusko as a gift, first to the State and then to the City of Portland. Both declined with thanks. Neither cared to assume the expense of providing Tusko with housing, care and 300 pounds of hay a day.

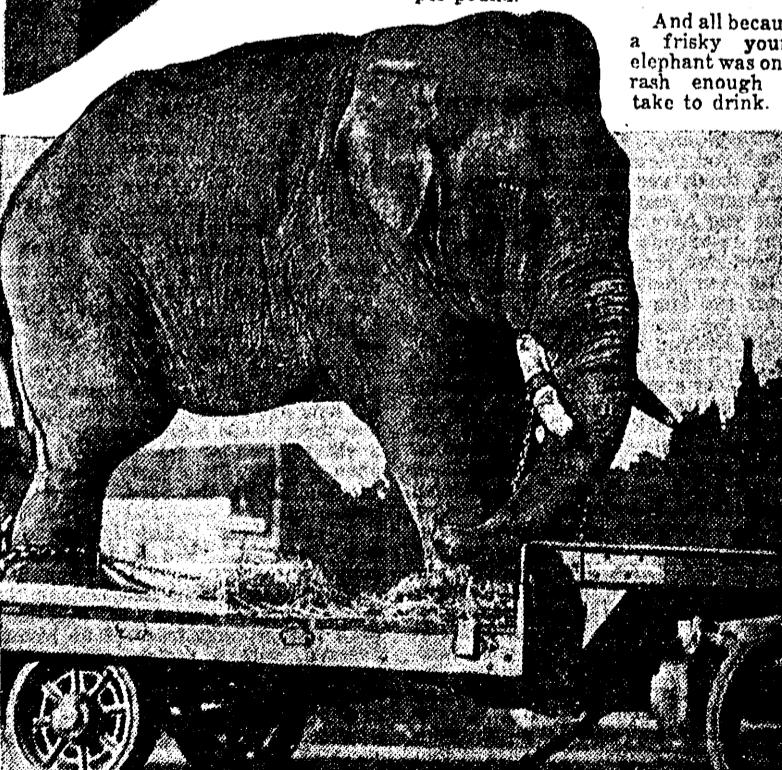
In the meantime, Tusko came to learn, bit by bit, the fate of the transgressor. His daily bale of hay was not always forthcoming. Sometimes he had only a handful of carrots, a bag of apples, or perhaps a few peanuts, tossed to him by small boys visiting him at his lonely quarters.

Discouraged to the limit, Geldhar finally decided on an auction as the only way to get rid of Tusko. The great beast was led out into an open field in chains, while the auctioneer climbed into an improvised stand.

Fifteen hundred people crowded



Tusko, the Old Soak, as He Greets Those Who Go to Look at Him in His Quarters on the Portland Waterfront.



Unusual Study of Portland's "Mad Elephant," Tusko, as He Was Being Moved on a Huge Trailer Along the Pacific Highway.



**T**HE pigeon-strut pomp of the Hotel Renton's little room clerk had collapsed by this time. "I've shown you seven suites, Miss Delano. There's only one left, higher up and facing east. You might like that."

Norah's shrug indicated that the possibility was remote. After five gay and carefree years among the bright places of Europe she was in no mood to like anything New York had to offer, not even if it was good. "We can look," she said. "If it faces east, that's something."

The higher-up suite facing east would do and Norah sank into its deepest chair. The room clerk said, "Shall I have your trunks sent up, Miss Delano?"

She nodded. "My trunk, you mean. The other seventeen of them are sitting down on the pier and they can sit there until Mr. Milliken goes down and pays the duty. Will you ask downstairs if Mr. Milliken has telephoned for me yet?"

Norah had radioed Mr. Milliken from the boat that she would put up at the Renton. She supposed his spite was satisfied now that he had dragged her back to all this bang, bad taste beefsteak and Broadway. But for R. G. Milliken she might still be in Paris enjoying her favorite hock cup and partridge in a particular corner of the old Meurice. Her darling Dodo, none other than the young, landed, and pleasantly renegade Lord Chiswick himself, would be beaming adoration and coronets across the table at her. Or she might soon be having tea in a chalet on the whiteclad side of a Swiss Alp with the prospect before her of a thrilling homeward ski run beside her darling but dignified Baron von Thunfeld, whom she chose to call "Tooner."

And she might soon after be dangerously swooning through a Viennese waltz and a Mediterranean midnight in the arms of Commandante Principe Aureliano di Tulliaferno, better known to Norah at least, as Beppo.

But Mr. Milliken's depressing cablegrams, trailing her from Scotland to Biarritz, had spoiled it all. "Business outlook continues bad—Advise earliest possible return New York—Milliken."

They had been mild enough at first and could be ignored but they became angrier as time went on and ended with a vicious ultimatum: "Marry somebody—Starve—or come home—Blast you—Will not forward another cent!" And that was the sort of grim and stingy old Scrooge to whom a girl's well-meaning father had entrusted entire supervision of her income and control of all her Delano-Milliken Fire Clay Products shares.

Norah watched Marya her Czechoslovakian maid begin to unpack her bags, removing first of all her three large pictures of Dodo, Tooner, and Beppo. "Put the darlings on my dressing-table, Marya. I ought to have married one of them, don't you think?"

"Um," said Marya. She gave Norah the clattering telephone. "Um!"

"Yes, I know," replied Norah. "That is R. G. Milliken."

**BEFORE** the entrance of a big, ugly lower Broadway building she paid off her taxi and went inside to wait for the old man and her dis-greable fate. She did not have to wait for it. Milliken crossed the lobby immediately, and shook hands with her. "So you finally got here, Norah. Glad of it. Load off my mind."

They got into an elevator to go up to the Bankers Club for luncheon. That was Norah's suggestion. R. G. Milliken's suggestion had been Tony's. In the elevator he seemed preoccupied and ill at ease. "You're looking well, Norah. D'y'ou have an exciting time on the boat? Or weren't there any loose men?"

"Only one who tried to be loose I put in his place soon enough," she said. "Just because I was alone on deck one night he thought he had an invitation to come and talk to me. That's the way with these forcing young American business men. No subtlety, or finesse, or tact. When I told this one I didn't like him, he followed me all the way around the deck berating me . . . 'damned little expatriate wastrel' . . . I don't see anything funny about it, Mr. Milliken."

"Maybe not," said the old man. "But if you see me grinning these days, for any reason, you'd better let me make the best of it. What did the seller say?"

"He said plenty else. He said he'd only meant to be human and friendly and that, if he'd noticed I had red hair, he wouldn't have spoken to me in the first place. So you see what he was. Perhaps I'll meet a nice one when I go back."

"If you're not too old," added R. G. Milliken. "You're broke, Norah. So am I. Delano-Milliken is in receivership and the conditions of the trust prevented my saving you. I saw about forty dollars in your handbag enough to pay your hotel bill, buy ham and eggs for a few days and pay subway fares while you look for a job."

Five minutes later, when the first show of pink came back to her cheeks and a faint gay light to her eyes, she just said: "All right." She fished in her handbag and pulled out a five-dollar bill. "Hero. We'll go fifty-fifty on this luncheon check."

Old man Milliken tossed the money back to her. "Your hair is red all right, Norah. For the first time in your life I am willing to admit that you are a Deano."

# It's Harder To Start From The Top

by Stephen Morehouse Avery



"What are you doing in New York?"  
"Looking desperately for a job," said Norah, "to keep from starving."

**CLIMBING** the dark stairway to her hall room above a Lexington Avenue florist shop after eight days of being thrown out of what seemed to her half the offices in New York, Norah didn't care whether she was a Delano or a chimpanzee. Norah had exactly nine American pennies and two French fifty-centime pieces left in the world and she hadn't eaten, really eaten, but once in the last three days.

The once was when she happened into Betty Newlands in front of an upper Fifth Avenue shop where Betty was buying evening slippers and where Norah had been asking for a job in the hosiery department. Betty suggested, "as long as one had to be bored with eating," that they pop into a grill-room for a quick bite.

"I suppose so," said Norah. She got to her feet and went down with the boy in the elevator. Somehow she walked across to Lexington and up to the florist shop.

Norah had got in her order for soup, two lamb chops, peas, salad, and pie and was willing to consider this glamorous description of her dear, old Dodo. She smiled, remembering his cablegram. He threatened, unless she took the next boat back to Europe, to come over and "fetch" her.

Of course there had been characteristic cables from Tooner and Beppo too, Tooner's restrained and formal, Beppo's extravagantly offering to "sweep the ocean. I carry you off to Milano."

**WELL**, she would have welcomed being fetched or even carried off to Milano now. She unlocked her hall-room door hopelessly and turned on the dim light. Gaining her dress she found an envelope addressed to her in old man Milliken's hand. It contained ten dollars.

She shook her head and wrote a brief note: "Thanks, but I don't need this." She would have very nearly stolen ten dollars just then from anybody else.

But she had to go it alone as far as any help from the world of New York she had once known was concerned. Something had happened to it. It wasn't there.

Those who remained, when she mentioned getting a job, were either discouraging or painfully humorous. And after all, a girl couldn't ask them out and out for money or food.

She lived for almost ten days after her luncheon with Betty on diet of crackers, cheese and milk and during that time she sold, for a few dollars all told, her clock, her perfume bottles, her hand mirror, anything she had that the man over on the corner of Third Avenue would buy. She paid her room rent by the sale of her fitted bag and on assurance that she'd been promised a job next day. She'd promised it to herself. She felt sure that if she just kept on going into enough business buildings and trying all the promising offices, something eventually was sure to happen. If the people listened to her at all, they stopped listening when she admitted she couldn't even type.

That next afternoon she found herself in the Importers Exchange Building on Madison Avenue and she had pretty well exhausted its possibilities as well as her own.

**T**HIS name, Harvester-Brooks, Importers, and a list of foreign offices in Hamburg, Milan, Paris, London, on each of several doors caught her eye. She stood trying to decide which was the entrance and finally put out her hand for a doorknob and one last try. Then all the

doors, the whole corridor in fact, began spinning wildly around her head. She slipped into an almost welcome darkness.

Norah found herself sitting rather ludicrously on the floor with an Irish elevator boy bending over her solicitously. "What a nose dive you took, little one! Did you trip?"

"I suppose so," said Norah. She got to her feet and went down with the boy in the elevator.

Somehow she walked across to Lexington and up to the florist shop.

In the hallway before she gained her room she heard the telephone ringing violently. Her all, Peppo would never have made such a remark. "Why don't you like me?"

"I told you why . . . on the boat. You're a bad type. You have too much pride and nothing to back it up with. I doubt if you have any mind above Paris gowns or any ability above arranging a social calendar and overdriving your bank account."

"Thanks," said Norah. When they rose to return to the library she couldn't avoid being left with him alone for a moment in a warm inglenook. "But didn't it strike you as strange, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, to find such a person as you consider me living in one forlorn room over a florist shop?"

"To tell the truth, it did," he admitted. "What are you doing in New York?"

"Looking desperately for a job," said Norah, "to keep from starving."

"Really?"

He took out his wallet and found a business card. "Take this card in to Miss Boyle tomorrow morning at nine o'clock and tell her I said to put you to work learning the files."

Norah took the card and read it. "Robert H. Harvester, Harvester-Brooks, Importers."

"I wouldn't work in the same building with you," she said. "If this were the only job in New York."

**B**UT the next morning she called on Miss Boyle, who ruled the gloomy outer office of Harvester-Brooks.

"Well," said Miss Boyle, after a scornful examination of Norah. "I think the young man must be out of his mind."

Two months later, Mr. Robert H. Harvester called Norah into his office and put her to translating correspondence from his foreign suppliers. "It was really your linguistic ability that made me engage you, Miss Delano. Otherwise . . ."

"I didn't suppose," said Norah. "You wanted me just to look at . . . sir." That "sir" was so reluctant that he burst out laughing.

She didn't mean to antagonize him, but she couldn't help it. There was just something about him, even when she saw him coming into the office every day more drawn and haggard about the eyes and staying later and later after the others had gone. He said the wrong thing, and then she did, and then they both glared at her.

Elisa's beautifully appointed dinner table very nearly brought tears to her eyes. She said a few polite words to the man on her right about the rumoured crash of the Newlands but for the most part she was conscious of nothing but a succession of delicious things to eat. "American food is pretty good after a dose of Europe, isn't it?"

Mr. Harvester took Miss Boyle into his office with him as he passed through this morning. He settled heavily behind his desk and after a minute, almost

as if he were afraid to ask, said: "Is there anything from Milan, Miss Boyle?"

"I don't think so, sir. I'll ask Miss Delano."

He shook his head. "Things are very bad, Miss Boyle. I am not sure we can pull through. If we don't get that silk from Milan at our figure I know we won't. Tulliaferno wants a higher price and I can't pay it. Yet I can't get the silk anywhere else. If he ever finds that out, we're done for. Bring me the correspondence, Miss Boyle."

"I'll get it from Miss Delano, sir."

"By the way, how is she getting along?"

Miss Boyle drew her shoulders together and walked out of his office without answering.

When Norah went in she found Bob Harvester with his fingers jammed distractingly into his hair. "Will you shut the door and come here and sit down, Norah? I mean, Elsa to you somewhere else."

"Because I wanted to sit next to you. We have at least the bond of a healthy mutual dislike."

Norah had gained enough strength to be curious. After all, Peppo would never have made such a remark. "Why don't you like me?"

"I told you why . . . on the boat. You're a bad type. You have too much pride and nothing to back it up with. I doubt if you have any mind above Paris gowns or any ability above arranging a social calendar and overdriving your bank account."

"Thanks," said Norah. When they rose to return to the library she couldn't avoid being left with him alone for a moment in a warm inglenook. "But didn't it strike you as strange, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, to find such a person as you consider me living in one forlorn room over a florist shop?"

"To tell the truth, it did," he admitted. "What are you doing in New York?"

"Looking desperately for a job," said Norah, "to keep from starving."

"Really?"

He never seemed so hard or shrewd to me," said Norah. "Just a little too violently romantic, that's all."

He stared at her. "You know Prince di Tulliaferno?"

"Of course. But I don't call him that. I call him Beppo. And I know he will sign the contract because I wrote to him two weeks ago and asked him to."

**B**OB HARVESTER had one more flare left in him. "You what? You wrote . . . over the signature of this firm?"

"No. I wrote over my own signature on my own blue notebook. I just said: 'Dear Beppo, I am personally interested in you.' And I told him 'in the world you could get that much and that kind of s'k and that I didn't want him to be a pig about it.' She waited a minute. Something terrible seemed to be enveloping them both."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said finally. "Nothing is the m.t. You made a valiant little effort to help me, that's all. It wasn't . . . precisely the sort of information I wanted di Tulliaferno to have, however. Would you send Miss Boyle to me as you go out, Norah?"

"Nothing," he said finally. "Nothing is the m.t. You made a valiant little effort to help me, that's all. It wasn't . . . precisely the sort of information I wanted di Tulliaferno to have, however. Would you send Miss Boyle to me as you go out, Norah?"

Miss Boyle was with him nearly two hours. She emerged pale and with her lips in a hard line. She went straight to her typewriter. Presently she brought some carbon copies to Norah. "You'd better file these, Miss

"We shall have dinner at Luigi's Beppo, and then we shall find some place to dance."

As their taxicab crossed Madison Avenue in the maze of traffic, a white, tense face was framed for an instant in the square of the window. Norah drew back into the darkness with a little unnoticed groan.

"Listen to me, Noramina. No but, like so." It had been going on, it seemed to her, for hours, the same thing over and over. They had arrived at a small table on the warmed and glassed-in roof garden.

She wished Beppo was not so proud of his English. "Listen just to me, Noramina. I take you away from this city which is only for slaves. You work . . . bah! . . . that is horrible! I take you away with me to Milano."

"But I could not leave my poor friends unhappy, Beppo. They are unhappy because they cannot get your Milano silk. You are unhappy, you say, because you cannot have me. You have silk and I have me. Let's trade."

Beppo gestured and expostulated in Italian. "Ah, in a few months she ruin you, this New York. You speak of business. I speak of love."

She followed the direction of Beppo's gaze and saw a short, dark but imposing little man talking to the headwaiter. It struck her that he was not unlike Beppo in some subtle way.

"Ah! That is Signor Mercati, Noramina, who is why I have come to New York. With him I have a big business maybe."

"But I thought you came just to see me, Beppo." She was trying to remember where she had heard the name Mercati recently. Was it Bob Harvester's competitor? Beppo excused himself for a moment and joined the other. Then someone came rushing to her.

"Norah! Where have you been all these weeks?" It was Betty Newlands. "Dad's not going broke after all and a crowd of us are celebrating. Come on over to the apartment with us after this. With whom? Prince who? Well, bring him along!"

Beppo returned to her, seeming preoccupied and pensive, like one whose plans must be remade all of a sudden. Presently he said: "Now what is it you wish from your Beppo, Noramina? That he give again the contract to your Mr. Harvester-Brooks? Well . . . for you. For my little Noramina, and she goes with me back to Milano and be princess."

**B**ETTY and her friends swoop down upon them, saving the moment. They were all delighted with Prince di Tulliaferno.

At the Newlands' apartment they made a lion of Beppo and his rearing good spirits quickly let out that he was taking a princess back to Milano. "Norah!" They gathered around her.

Norah sat listening to them and smiling. Then she jumped up and made an excuse to slip back into Betty's bedroom.

A maid came for Betty. She went into the entrance foyer. "I just ran in for a minute, Betty. I'm not dressed or anything but . . ."

"Bob, good lord, come in and have a drink. You're as pale as a . . ."

"Is Norah here, Betty?"

"Of course she's here. Both of them. Isn't it grand? Norah the Princess of Tulliaferno? She's sailing tomorrow for Milano."

Bob Harvester said nothing for a long time and then finally "I thought that was the idea. Only she's not." He followed Betty into the living room, his eyes darting about for Norah, acknowledging introductions to the few there he didn't know. "But do you know Prince di Tulliaferno?"

Somehow, standing there beside him, Beppo lost part of his glamour.

"We have not met before," said Beppo, "but we meet soon again." The two of them had a moment aside. "I come to your business in the morning, Mister Harvester-Brooks, and we fix up our little matter quick . . . just like so."

"Well, hardly as quick as that. Tulliaferno. Harvester-Brooks may go on the rocks for it but our original offer to you was final . . . and it didn't include any extras in the way of princesses. Norah is going to stay in New York, contract or no contract."

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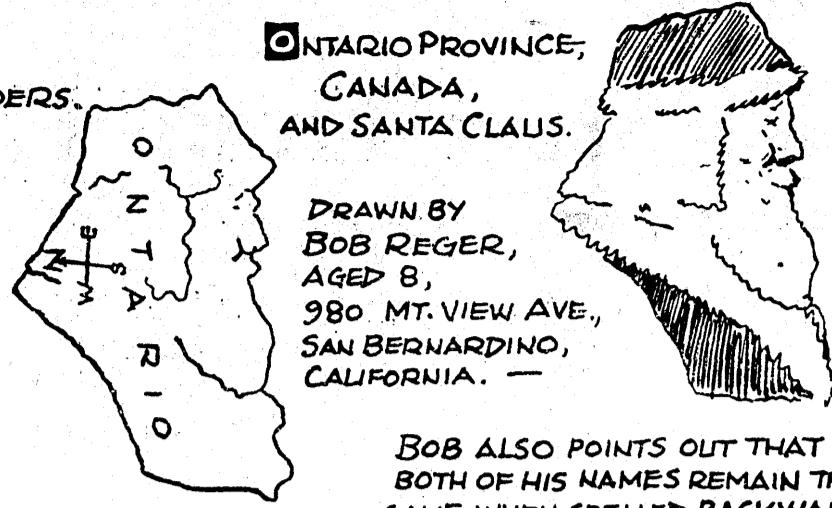
## PICTURES IN THE MAP —

DISCOVERED BY KEEN-EYED YOUNG READERS.



DRAWN BY  
C. DZUMATI,  
258 KENT AVE.,  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

ONTARIO PROVINCE,  
CANADA,  
AND SANTA CLAUS.

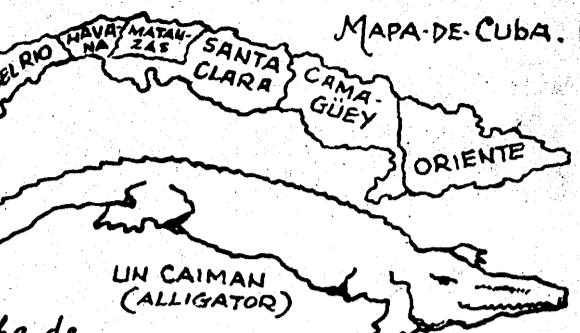


DRAWN BY  
BOB REGER,  
AGED 8,  
980 MT. VIEW AVE.,  
SAN BERNARDINO,  
CALIFORNIA. —

BOB ALSO POINTS OUT THAT  
BOTH OF HIS NAMES REMAIN THE  
SAME WHEN SPELLED BACKWARD.

FROM A LITTLE  
CUBAN READER

EDITH RUIZ PEREZ  
AGED 11,  
CALLE MONTALVO,  
CRUCES, SANTA CLARA,  
CUBA. —



EDITH WRITES,  
*"Soy una muchacha de  
11 años de edad y vivo en  
Cruces, Prov. Santa Clara, Cuba.  
He leído con mucho interés  
la página que Ud. edita  
"Pictures in the Map." —*

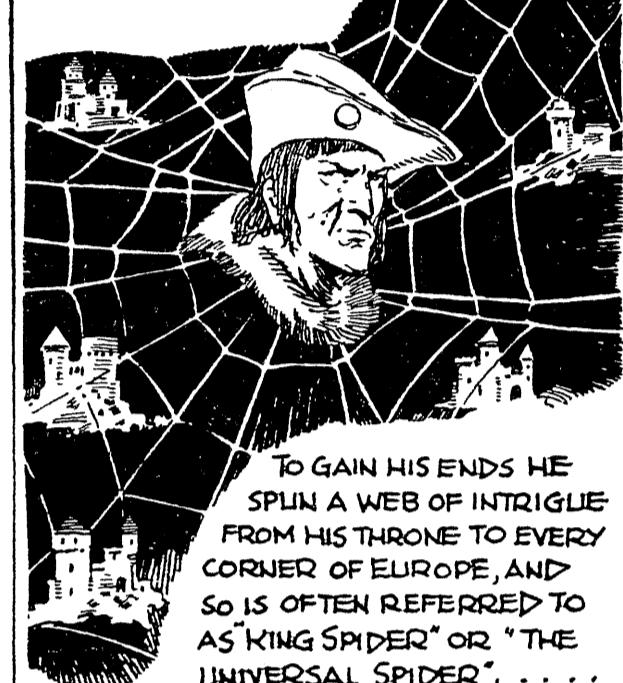
WHAT PICTURES  
DO YOU SEE IN  
THE MAP — ?

## HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

### Louis XI, The Spider of France

By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD

LOUIS XI, THE KING THAT MADE FRANCE A GREAT AND POWERFUL KINGDOM, WAS ONE OF THE QUEEREST AND MOST SINISTER MONARCHS OF MEDIAEVAL TIMES.



TO GAIN HIS ENDS HE SPIN A WEB OF INTRIGUE FROM HIS THRONE TO EVERY CORNER OF EUROPE, AND SO IS OFTEN REFERRED TO AS "KING SPIDER" OR "THE UNIVERSAL SPIDER". . . .



LOUIS WAS THE SON OF CHARLES VII, THE KING WHO SUBDIED THE FRENCH NOBLES AND DROVE THE ENGLISH OUT OF FRANCE. SAD TO SAY, AS WAS OFTEN THE CASE IN ROYAL FAMILIES, THERE WAS NO LOVE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.



WHEN LOUIS WAS 17, A GROUP OF NOBLES FORMED A PLOT TO DETHRONE CHARLES, AND OFFERED THE CROWN TO THE YOUNG PRINCE IF HE WOULD JOIN THEM. GREATLY DESIRING TO BE KING, LOUIS WAS EASILY PERSUDED TO TAKE PART IN A REVOLT AGAINST HIS FATHER.



THIS UPRISEING WAS THWARTED BY THE VIGILANCE AND PROMPT ACTION OF THE KING AND HIS OFFICERS. CHARLES PARDONED THE YOUNG DAUPHIN, BUT BANISHED HIM FROM COURT. THE FATHER AND SON WERE NEVER RECONCILED . . . .



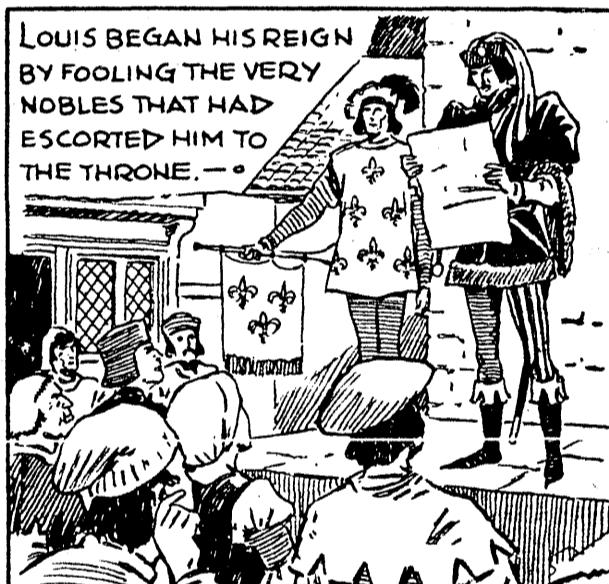
LOUIS FOUND A HAVEN WITH THE POWERFUL DUKE OF BURGUNDY. THE EXILED PRINCE SPENT MANY YEARS AT THE CASTLE OF GENAPPE IN FLANDERS, DREAMING OF THE DAY WHEN HE WOULD INHERIT THE CROWN OF FRANCE.



THE FRENCH NOBLES, WHO NOW SAW A CHANCE TO REGAIN THEIR FORMER POWER, MET LOUIS AT THE BORDER AND ESCORTED HIM TO RHEIMS TO BE CROWNED.



THE FRENCH COURTIERS, ACCUSTOMED TO REGAL SPLENDOR, WERE SURPRISED TO SEE THE THRONE OCCUPIED BY A WIZENED LITTLE MAN, MEANLY DRESSED AND WITH CRAFTY EYES THAT LOOKED ON ALL WITH SUSPICION.



FORMERLY THE NOBLES HAD COLLECTED THE TAXES, OF WHICH THEY GAVE THE KING ONLY A SMALL SHARE AS TRIBUTE. LOUIS NOW ORDERED THE PEOPLE TO PAY THEIR TAXES DIRECTLY TO THE KING'S TREASURY.



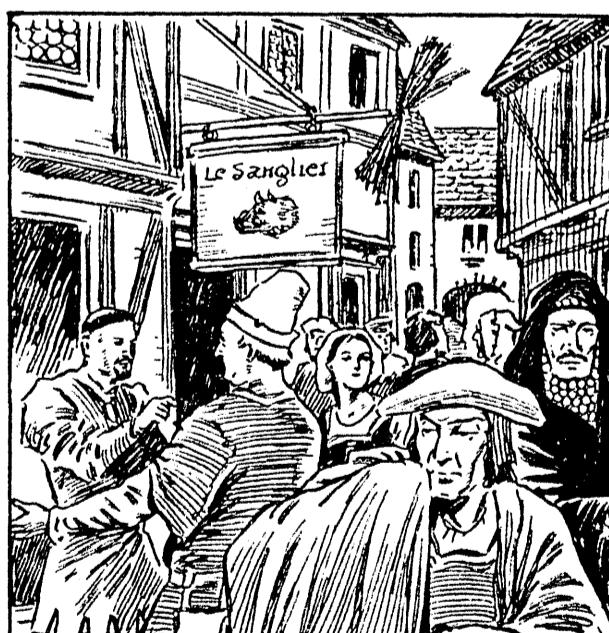
THE NOBLES WHO HAD EXPECTED TO RECEIVE RICH FAVORS FROM THE NEW KING, WHOM THEY HAD THOUGHT WOULD BE ONLY A PUPPET IN THEIR HANDS, WERE AMAZED AND ANGERED BY THIS MOVE. MANY OF THEM BEGAN PLOTTING AGAINST LOUIS IN SECRET.



DISTRUSTFUL OF ALL THE NOBILITY, LOUIS CHOSE FOR HIS CHIEF HENCHMEN ADVENTURERS ALMOST AS CUNNING AS HIMSELF. CLOSEST TO THE KING WERE OLIVER LE DAIM, THE ROYAL BARBER, TRISTAN L'HERMITE, THE KING'S HANGMAN, AND LA BALLE, A SCHEMING POLITICIAN WHO HAD TRICKED THE POPE INTO MAKING



HIM A CARDINAL. LOUIS'S CHIEF AIM WAS TO INCREASE HIS POWER AND DOMINIONS AND MAKE THE NOBLES COMPLETELY SUBSERVIENT TO HIS WILL. TO GAIN THESE OBJECTS HE DID NOT HESITATE TO STOOP TO MEAN TRICKERY.



© 1932, BY J. CARROLL MANSFIELD. —  
SOMETIMES HE DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A POOR TOWNSMAN AND MINGLED WITH THE PEOPLE IN THE STREETS TO HEAR WHAT THEY MIGHT BE SAYING ABOUT HIM OR TO PICK UP GOSSIP OF THE SECRET DOINGS OF THE NOBLES. OF COURSE, ON SUCH SPYING EXCURSIONS HIS GUARDS WERE ALWAYS WITHIN CALL. — TO BE CONTINUED.



# Helping Yourself to the Hors d'Oeuvres

Try a Buffet Supper on Your Guests and Let Them Spread Their Own From These Tempting Delicacies



The Mixture With Which the Eggs Are Stuffed Is Placed in Small Bowls Attractively Arranged Around the Larger Bowl Containing the Hard-Boiled Halves, from Which the Yolks Have Been Removed.

COULD anything add more to the jolly informality of a buffet supper than canapes of the spread-your-own and hors d'oeuvres of the serve-yourself variety? Not only young people, but guests of all ages, will enjoy this amusingly novel way of displaying an assortment of canapes and hors d'oeuvres, to accompany their tomato or similar appetizers. Each and all may spread their own, and have lots of fun doing it.

One of the happiest features of this impromptu service, apart from its being unusual, is that the hors d'oeuvres and canapes are far more alluring if spread in the dining room just before serving. And think of the time and trouble spared the hostess! No wonder she includes plenty of these appetizing spreads at her parties, for they are eagerly consumed by her guests with little or no trouble to herself, or to her servants, as the case may be.

In the illustration above you can see how attractively we arranged a spread-your-own canape party recently served at the Institute. This party literally created a sensation. We used the buffet for our service, but a serving table or other side table would do just as well. For holding the assortment of canape mixtures, we chose small lacquer bowls, one for each mixture, all grouped on a large tray. Of course, the variety of these canape combinations, as well as the dishes used in serving them,

depends upon the individual choice of the hostess. On this same tray we also arranged plenty of individual bread-and-butter knives, ready for the guests to use in spreading their own. The napkins were close by.

In selecting our canape foundations we made generous use of the wide and interesting assortment of unsweetened crackers, ready-to-use canape foundations, potato chips, and bread sticks, which are sold in packages today.

Crisp crunchy crackers are usually more convenient to use for canape spreads than the toasted bread variety, which must be constantly renewed to insure crispness. However, some hostesses will find it interesting to their guests to have a toaster or sandwich toaster in the dining room, convenient to the buffet, where even guests may take their turn in preparing pieces of hot toast for spread-your-owns.

In serving the tomato-juice cocktail, we arranged it, thoroughly chilled, in small glasses and passed them on a tray. Here again, however, the guests may serve themselves if the cocktails are placed on a side table in the dining room.

Some suggestions for self-spreads and easily served hors d'oeuvres, many of which can be prepared long before serving time, are given below. To these the ingenuous hostess may wish to add her own specialties. However, after such delectable spreads one creamed hot dish with tiny biscuits of muffins, followed by a simple dessert and a hot beverage, is quite sufficient for a buffet supper. And for a simple late evening snack, a tempting group of several canape spreads or hors d'oeuvres of the serve-yourself variety, served with tomato-juice cocktails, is an enjoyable and satisfying feast.

1. Mash a 4-oz. package of roquefort cheese with a 3-oz. package of cream cheese, 1 tablespoonful minced onion, and 1/4 cup top milk or cream.

2. Mash one-half of an 8-oz. box of camembert cheese with 1 tablespoonful mayonnaise and 1/4 cup cream, whipped.

3. Combine 1/2 pound fresh cottage cheese with 2 tablespoonfuls minced green pepper, 1 tablespoonful minced onion, a dash of cayenne, and 1 tablespoonful garlic-flavored French dressing. This is a delicious spread on rice cakes, which can now be purchased in tins, or on whole-wheat crackers, which come in packages, as well.

Some of the following are timely suggestions for canape spreads, too.

## Lobster Spread.

Combine a 6-oz. can of lobster, minced, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise, and 1 tablespoonful garlic-flavored French dressing. (For the latter, allow a cut bud of garlic to stand in the French dressing for several hours or longer.) Serves 6 to 8.

Pate de foie gras and anchovy paste, mixed with minced onion chives, is most tasty as a spread. But when seasoned as follows, liverwurst makes a good substitute for the more expensive pate de foie gras. Mash 1/4 pound of liverwurst from which the skin has been removed, with 2 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise and 1/4 cup minced parsley.

## Tea Cakes and Cookies

HERE is the recipe for a Rich Small Tea Cake which is always popular for afternoon tea.

**RICH SMALL TEA CAKES.**

1/3 cup shortening  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 teaspoonful milk  
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten  
1/2 cup white flour  
1/2 cup cornstarch or phosphate  
baking powder or  
3/4 teaspoonful combination type baking powder  
1/4 teaspoonful salt

Cream the shortening, then add the sugar gradually while creaming constantly. Next add the milk and beaten egg yolks and beat well. Then add the vanilla and mace and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Last, add the flour, baking powder and salt, which have been measured and sifted together. Bake in small greased individual cup cake tins in a moderate oven of 375 deg. F. for 20 minutes or until done. Remove and cut into squares or long narrow strips, using a sharp knife. These tea cakes are much like

pound cakes and require no frosting. The tops may be dipped in powdered or granulated sugar if desired.

Brownies share the constant popularity of the Tea Cakes.

**BROWNIES.**

1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
2 eggs, well-beaten  
1/2 cup melted unsweetened chocolate  
1/2 teaspoonful baking powder  
1/2 teaspoonful salt  
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening, then add the sugar gradually while continuing the creaming. Next add the well-beaten eggs and melted chocolate, measure and sift together the flour, baking powder and salt, and add to the mixture together with the nuts. Beat well, turn into a greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven of 350 deg. F. for 30 minutes or until done. Remove and cut into squares or long narrow strips, using a sharp knife.

Combine the yolks and white of the eggs, and pour one teaspoonful of bacon fat over the eggs of each serving. Garnish with parsley. Serves six.

**WAFFLE CINNAMON TOAST.**

Bread Granulated Butter or brown sugar Cinnamon

White, graham, or orange bread may be used. Cut the bread into thin slices. Remove the crusts and butter the slices. Meanwhile combine the sugar and cinnamon, allowing 1 teaspoonful of granulated or brown sugar. Spread half of the slices with this mixture, then top with the remaining buttered slices, having the unbuttered side up. Cut each sandwich in two or three portions depending upon the size of the leaf. Arrange on the preheated waffle iron, lower the cover, and toast until crisp and brown. These are delicious for tea.

## Recipes for Sunday Night Suppers

### SCRAMBLED MUSHROOMS AND EGGS.

DRINK one 8-ounce can of mushrooms and slice the mushrooms. Meanwhile separate the yolks and whites of five eggs. Beat the yolks until lemon-colored; add five tablespoonfuls of milk, three-fourths teaspoonful of salt and a speck of pepper, and the sliced mushrooms, and beat well again. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, pour in the egg yolk mixture, and cook slowly, turning frequently until the mixture begins to set. Then fold in the beaten egg-whites and cook for two or three minutes longer or until the whites are set. Serve at once. Serves six.

### CREAMED PEAS WITH EGGS

3 hard-cooked eggs (sliced), 1 1/2 cupfuls cooked green peas, 1 1/2 cupfuls milk, 6 slices bread, 3/4 teaspoonful salt, 1/2 teaspoonful pepper, 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls butter

### SUPPER MENUS.

I  
Scrambled Mushrooms and Eggs  
Brown Bread and Jelly Sandwiches  
Cabbage Relish  
Canned Plums  
Tea  
II  
Creamed Peas with Eggs  
Orange Salad  
Waffle Cinnamon Toast  
Tea

or margarine, 6 thin slices bacon.

Melt the butter, add the flour, and cook until it begins to bubble. Add the cold milk gradually, stirring constantly. Add the peas, salt and pepper. Toast six slices of bread, and pour the white sauce and peas over them. Heap the hard-cooked eggs, sliced thin, in the middle of each slice. Cut the slices of bacon into one-

half inch slices and fry them until crisp. Sprinkle the bacon over the peas, and pour one teaspoonful of bacon fat over the eggs of each serving. Garnish with parsley. Serves six.

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It Is a Rare Guest Who Can Be Indifferent to Hors d'Oeuvres When a Suit-Yourself Display Like This Tempts One with the Variety of Half a Dozen Savory Fillings.

### Minced Ham and Egg Spread.

Combine 1/2 pound minced cooked ham (3/4 cup) with 3 shelled hard-cooked eggs, minced, 2 teaspoonfuls minced onion, 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls prepared mustard, 1 teaspoonful bottled condiment sauce, and 2 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

### Crabmeat Spread.

Mix a 6 1/2-oz. can of crabmeat, minced, with 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1/4 cup minced pimento, 1/4 cup garlic-flavored mayonnaise, 1/4 teaspoonful salt, and 1/4 teaspoonful paprika. Serves 6 to 8.

### Cheese Spreads.

Cheese is an ideal base for many canape mixtures, and here are three, in quantities to serve 6 to 8 people, that are delectable spread on crackers or large-sized potato chips. Chill them well before serving.

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or palm (the latter comes in tins), are delightful when the guests are permitted to stuff their own. Use any of the above spreads; or cream cheese mixed with canned crushed pineapple and minced pimento is especially good. Use a 3-ounce package cream cheese to one-fourth cup canned crushed pineapple and one tablespoonful minced pimento.

Caviar in itself is superb if the occasion demands a rather special treat. Place the fresh or tinned variety in a crystal or glass bowl, embedded in shaved ice. Surround with small separate dishes of minced white of egg, slices of lemon or lime, and finely-minced onion; to be spread on thin slices of whole-wheat bread.

Hors d'oeuvres of the serve-yourself variety are ideal to serve with tomato or similar cocktails, and here are a few suggestions:

In the center of a large round platter have a small bowl filled

### Certified by Good Housekeeping Institute.

These household articles are supervised by the internationally recognized Good Housekeeping Institute, which is conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine. In their fully equipped, modern laboratories types of household devices are tested by a corps of scientifically trained men and women. Furthermore, new cookery methods are constantly being evolved to save steps, time and labor to housekeepers. All recipes are tested and standardized and will always work if directions are carefully followed. Recipes printed on this page serve six people unless otherwise specified.

Combine a 3-oz. package cream cheese with 4 hard-cooked egg yolks, 1 teaspoonful vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls prepared mustard, 1/4-teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful chopped green pepper, and 1/4-teaspoonful paprika.

Always in demand would be thin slices of Swiss or pimiento cheese, juicy baked ham, bologna, salami, tongue, or German sausage all of which appeal particularly to masculine tastes. Prepared mustard, chili and horseradish sauce, salt and pepper should be on hand for this self-service. And do not forget rips or green olives, Gherkins, salted nuts and the like.

### Suggestions from the Institute

#### Have the Mending Basket Handy.

TRY going over every garment after its return from the laundry, before putting it away. You will prove over and over again the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine." Anything that needs the tiniest stitch in it, or a button, should never be put away. In a family of small children, where finances must be watched very closely, a garment that is carefully patched and mended will last twice as long as one that is allowed to become torn almost beyond repair. The joy of always being able to dress each child in a hurry at any time, knowing each garment is in perfect condition, is full repayment for the time expended in repairs.

#### To Help You Remember.

I have adopted a plan to help me remember the birthdays and anniversaries of my friends and acquaintances. Early in January each year I take a calendar and run through each month, marking the dates I wish to remember. Then, as each month comes, I am able to see at a glance the special dates and am able to get a gift or card at my leisure, instead of at the last minute.

#### Read While You Wait.

In a large family there is nearly always some one who has to spend time waiting in the automobile while others shop, go to the dentist, or attend to any number of odd jobs that take from ten to thirty minutes or an hour. We have arranged what we call our "Auto Library," to save wasting these minutes in idleness. A stiff cardboard box will hold several volumes of essays, poems, short stories, plays, etc., with one or two magazines. These are changed often. The box will fit under the back seat of the car, is never in the way, and keeps the books and magazines in good condition. It may not always be used, but often proves a joy in case of a tiresome wait.

### When You Serve Grapefruit

HOUSEKEEPERS will be interested to know that it is now possible to buy a grapefruit corer which cores halves of grapefruit easily and completely. If you cannot have one of these corers, however, use the following directions for coring grapefruit halves by hand: Wash the grapefruit, dry it and cut in halves crosswise. Remove the seeds with a fork, then cut around each fleshy section with a sharp knife, separating the flesh from the pulpy membranes. With scissors, cut down each membrane from the inside edge of the fruit to the core. Then insert the knife again and separate the core from the fruit shell. With scissors or fingertips lift the center, bringing the membranes with it, and leaving the fruit sections intact.

Now, regarding the boy's bride-to-be. Suppose he does know as much if not more about cooking than his wife—that's fine! Is there any reason why he should have to take a digestive sock at every meal until she learns cooking rules that should have been taught her years before? Would not it be much better if he could sympathize with his flushed and flustered bride, and help her get the meal with some understanding as to what it was all about and teach her a thing or two? Of course, it would! But that's not all. If your boy has learned to cook, he'll have definite appreciation of his wife's cooking, too.

Far be it from me to lay down any rules regarding the way to instruct your boy in cooking, but I shall venture a few suggestions.

First, invite the boy to help you when he is bored, lonesome, or kept inside on account of bad weather. My mother on one occasion let my brother and me help her make ice cream. And it was a lot of fun!

Second, indicate without preaching how a knowledge of cooking will be of value to him on his camping trips, or those occasions when the cry sounds, "Does anybody know how to cook this?"

Third, guide him to an appreciation of how fine an art cooking is. You're likely to find him just as proud of frying four eggs without breaking the yolks as he is when he strikes out three boys in a row in a ball game. Invariably



Enthusiasm Over Cooking Lessons at Home, If Quietly Encouraged, Will Develop Into a Constant Source of Pleasure and Pride to the Boy as He Grows Older.

glad that you let your boy in your kitchen and took some time teaching him. After my brother and I had finished college, we found ourselves in a construction camp, and the food was more than we could stand. So we cooked our own and were thankful to have known how.

Now, regarding the boy's bride-to-be. Suppose he does know as much if not more about cooking than his wife—that's fine! Is there any reason why he should have to take a digestive sock at every meal until she learns cooking rules that should have been taught her years before? Would not it be much better if he could sympathize with his flushed and flustered bride, and help her get the meal with some understanding as to what it was all about and teach her a thing or two? Of course, it would! But that's not all. If your boy has learned to cook, he'll have definite appreciation of his wife's cooking, too.

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Make a plain omelet as follows: Beat the yolks of 4 eggs until thick and lemon-colored. To 4 tablespoonsfuls flour add 1/4 teaspoonful of salt and a speck of pepper and blend well with 4 tablespoonsfuls hot water. Then add 2 tablespoonsfuls melted fat and mix thoroughly. Next fold in 4 egg whites beaten stiff and dry. Place from 2 to 3 tablespoonsfuls of this omelet mixture in the preheated waffle iron and cook about two minutes. Remove the omelet and serve with creamed peas

CYCLONE McGURK AND SNOWBOY,  
THE ESKIMO UNKNOWN, ARE PACIFISTS  
AT HEART, BUT MANAGERS MUST  
EAT, SO FIGHTERS MUST FIGHT.

# MR. STRAPHANGER

by Thomas

## TROUBLES OF A MANAGER



"ALL WE NEED NOW IS A PIPE,  
TO GO IN HIS MOUTH!"

# TOONERVILLE FOLKS BY FONTAINE FOX

## TOONERVILLE FOLKS

## Grandpaw Sims Recovers His Pipe

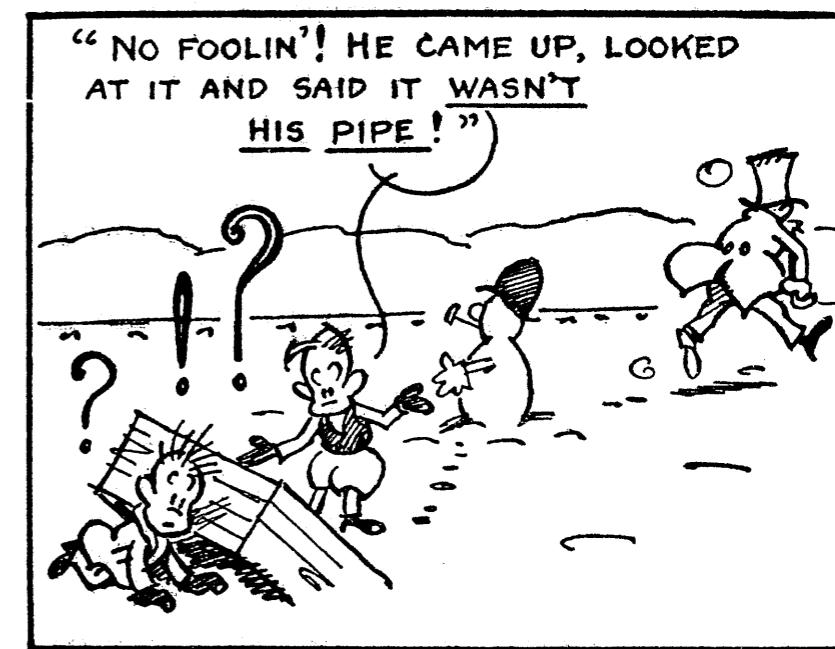
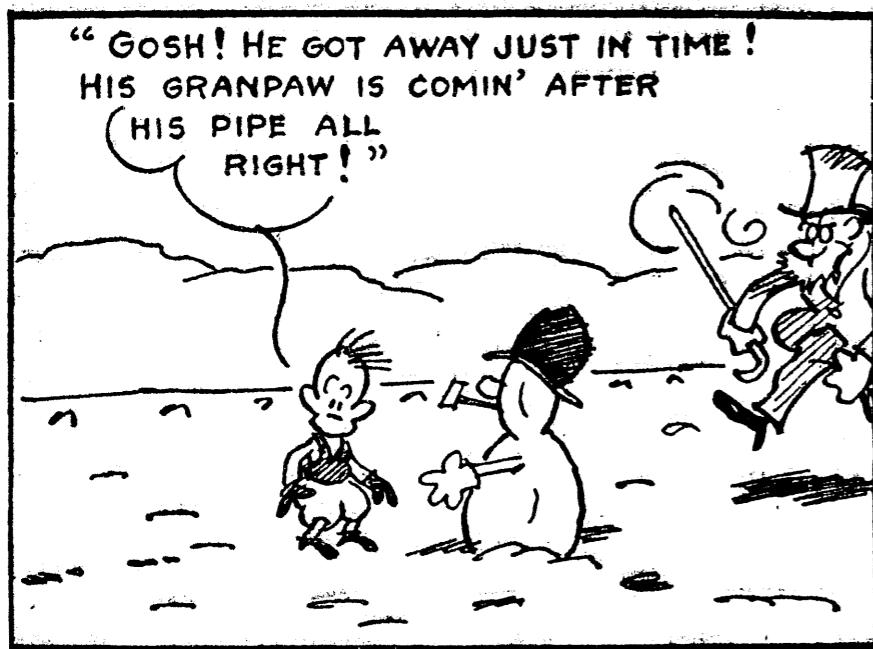
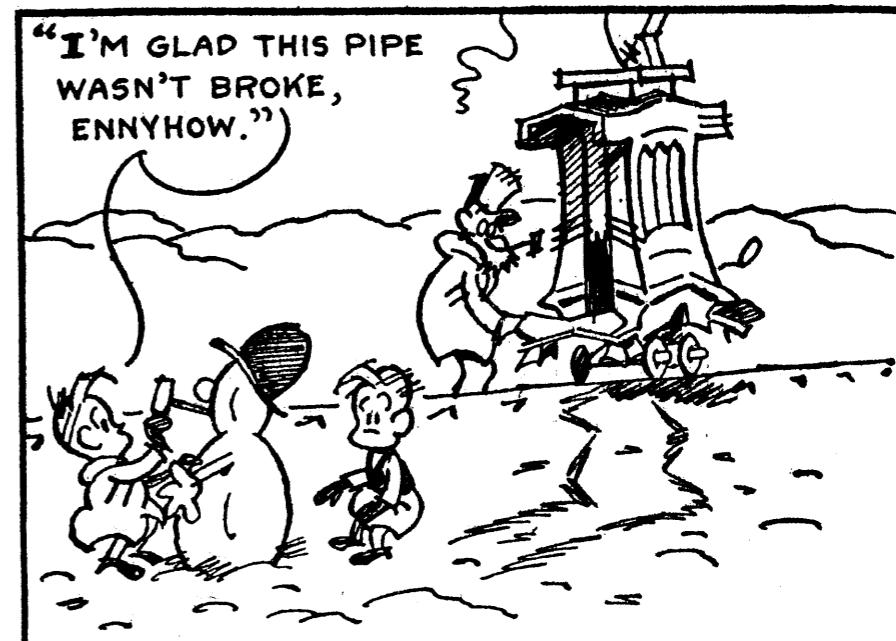
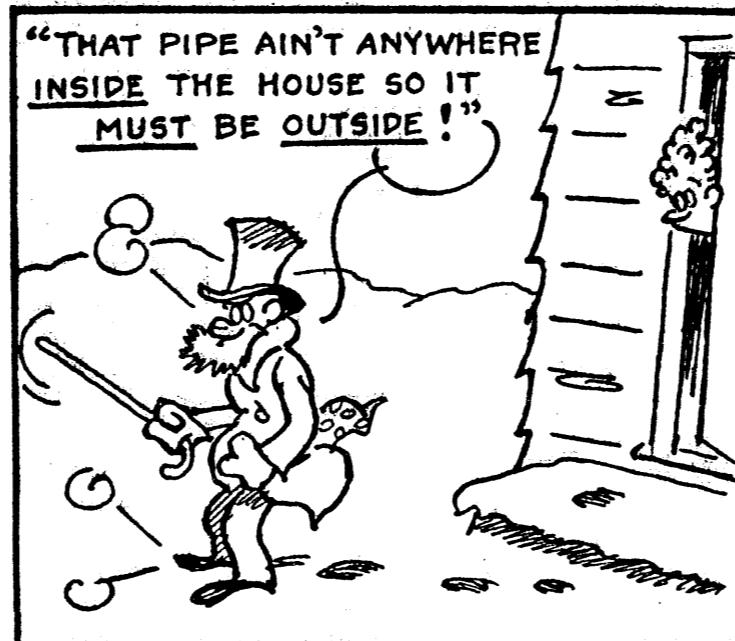
Fontaine Fox

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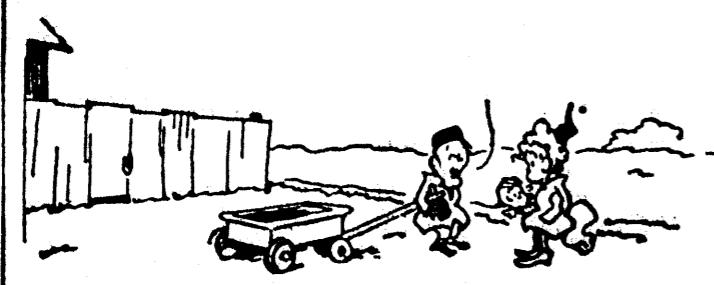
"LOOK! I GOT GRANPAW'S PIPE  
TO STICK IN HIS MOUTH!"

"LOOK OUT, BOYS! SHE'S  
OFF THE RAILS!"

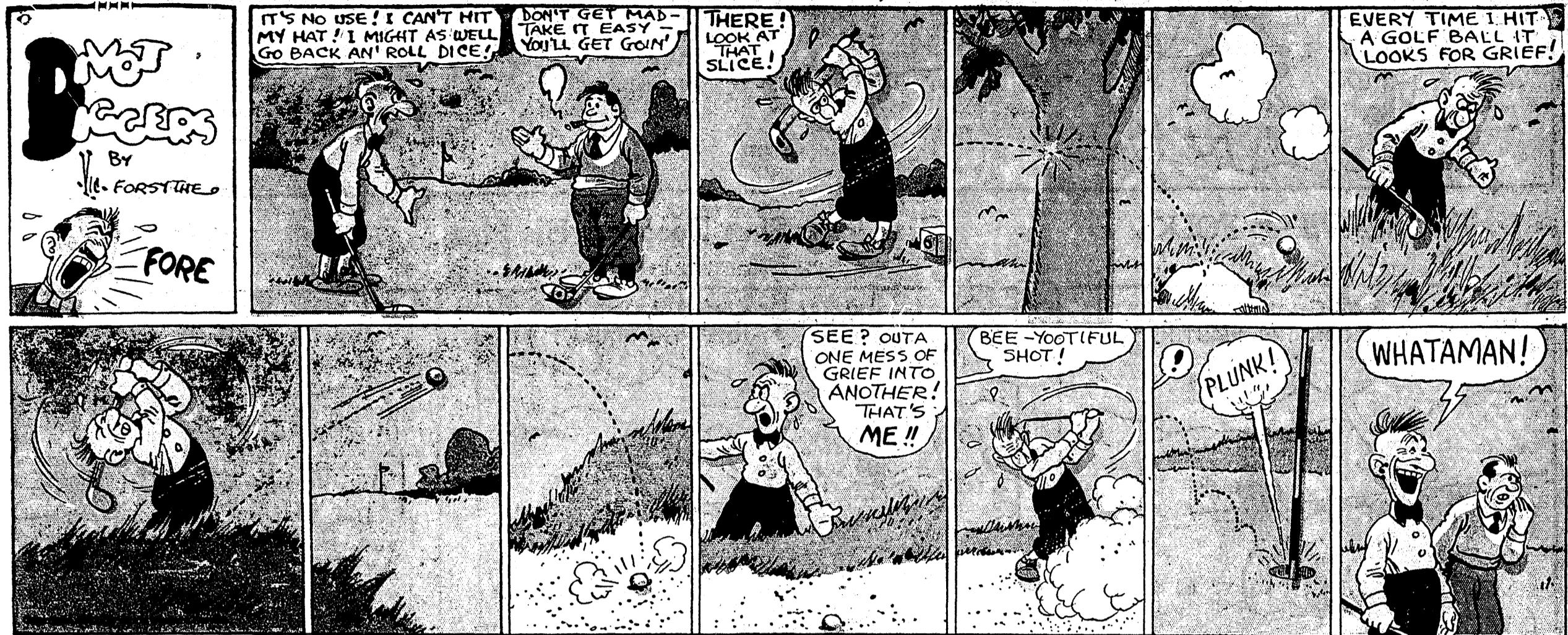
"NOW WHO IN THE NAME OF PETE  
COULD'A TOOK MY PIPE FROM  
WHERE I PUT IT!"



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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1932

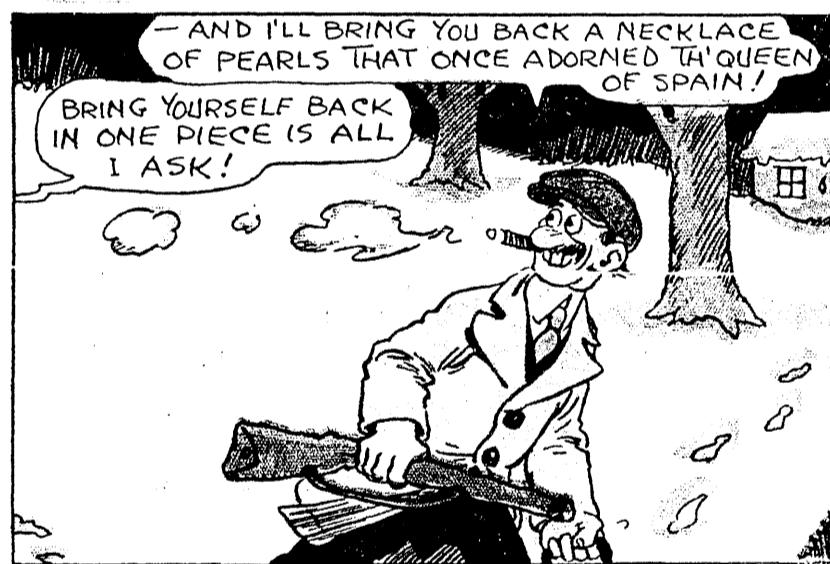
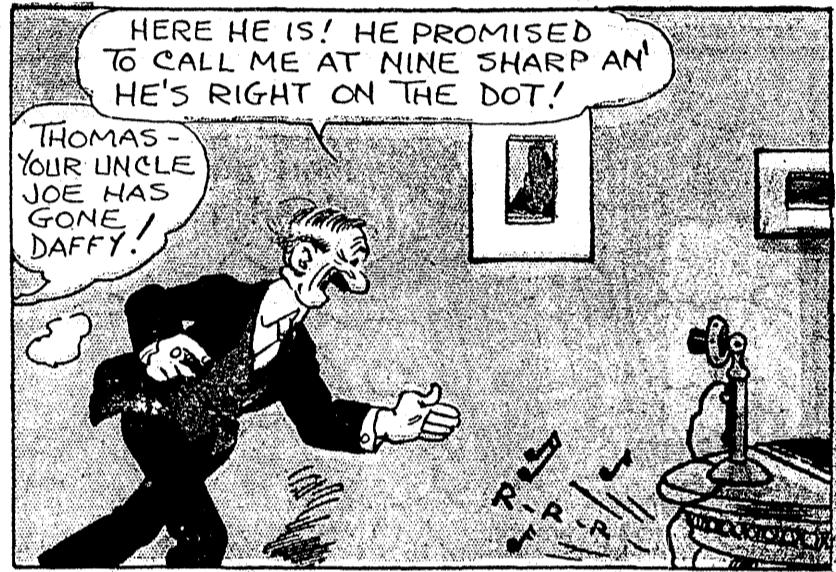


## JOE JINKS

Trade Mark, 1931, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Vic

MR. DROOLING PROMISED JOE HE WOULD PHONE HIM IN A FEW DAYS AND LET HIM KNOW AS TO THE POSSIBILITY OF TAKING HIM ON THAT TREASURE HUNT TO THE MEXICAN COAST AND JOE IS IN A FEVER OF EXCITEMENT FOR FEAR HE MAY NOT BE ALLOWED TO GO. ALL HIS LIFE HE HAS READ TALES OF LOST PIRATE PLUNDER AND THIS IS THE CHANCE HE ALWAYS HAS DREAMED OF —



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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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